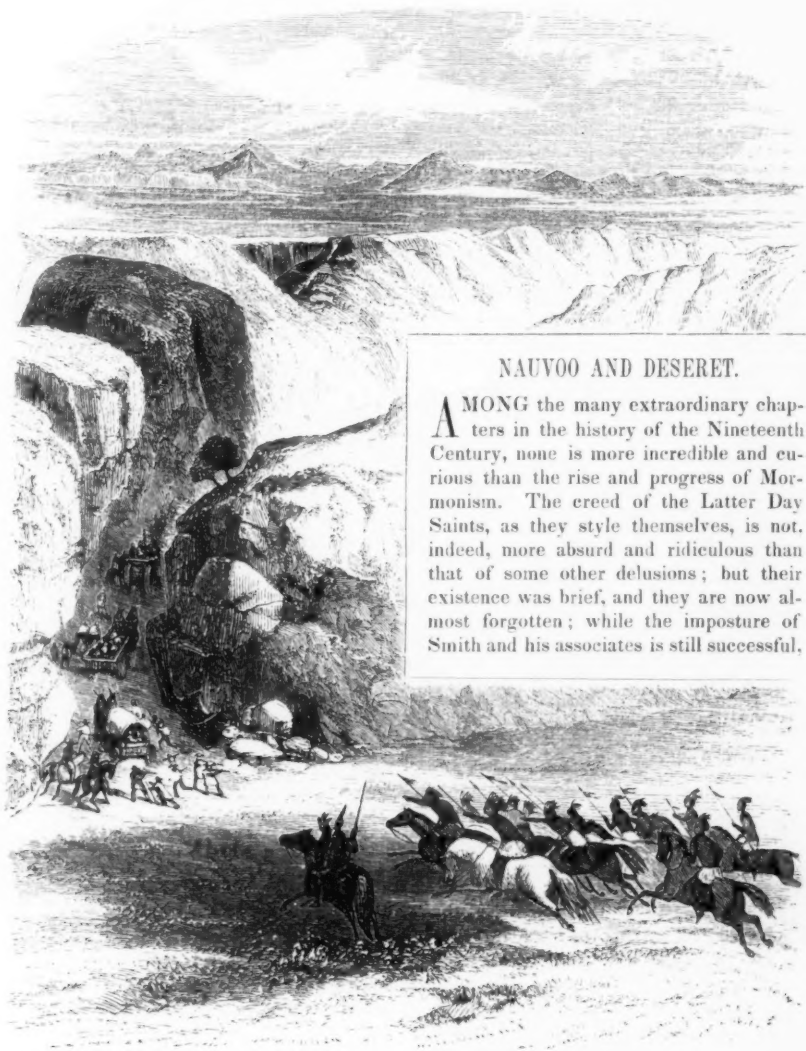


THE
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NAUVOO AND DESERET.

AMONG the many extraordinary chapters in the history of the Nineteenth Century, none is more incredible and curious than the rise and progress of Mormonism. The creed of the Latter Day Saints, as they style themselves, is not, indeed, more absurd and ridiculous than that of some other delusions; but their existence was brief, and they are now almost forgotten; while the imposture of Smith and his associates is still successful.

THE MORMON EXODUS—PASSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

VOL. IV., No. 6.—LL

and represented by missionaries in almost every state throughout the world.

It has been observed with some reason, that had a Rabelais or a Swift told the story of the Mormons under the veil of allegory, mankind would probably have entered a protest against the extravagance of the satirist. The name of the mock hero, his own and his family's ignorance and want of character, the low cunning of his accomplices, the open and shameless vices in which they indulged, and the extraordinary success of the sect they founded, would all have been thought too obviously conceived with a view to ludicrous effects. Yet the Mormon movement has assumed the condition of an important popular feature, and after much suffering and many reverses, its authors have achieved a condition of eminent industrial prosperity. In scarcely more than twenty years the company, consisting of the impostor and his father and brother, has increased to half a million; they occupy one of the richest portions of this continent, have a regularly organized government, and are represented in the Congress of the United States. With missions in every part of the country, in every capital of Europe, in Mecca, in Jerusalem, and among the islands of the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, all of whom are charged with the duty of making converts and gathering them to the Promised Land of Deseret, they must very soon have a population sufficiently large to claim admission as a State of the Union, and perhaps to hold the balance of power in its affairs.

The interest which recent events have attracted to the community in Deseret or Utah, will render interesting a more particular survey of its origin, progress and condition.

In 1825 there lived near the village of Palmyra in New-York, a family of small farmers of the name of Smith. They were of bad repute in the neighborhood, notorious for being continually in debt, and heedless of their business engagements. The eldest son, Joseph, says one of his friends, "could read without much difficulty, wrote a very imperfect hand, and had a very limited understanding of the elementary rules of arithmetic." Associated in some degree with Sidney Rigdon, who comes before us in the first place as a journeyman printer, he was the founder of the new faith. The early his-

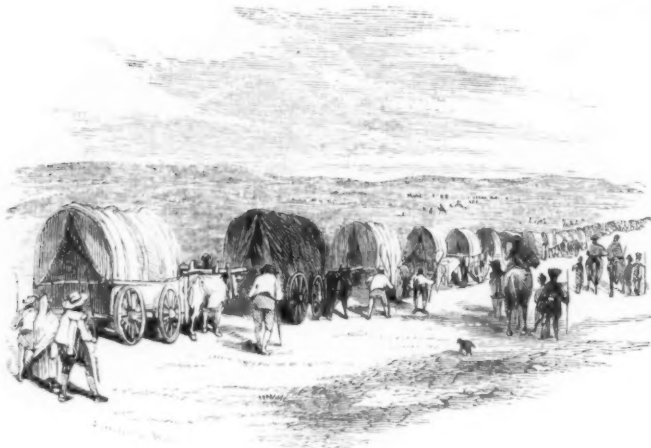
tory of the conspiracy of these worthies is imperfectly known; but it is evident that Rigdon must have been in Smith's confidence from the first. Rigdon, indeed, probably had more to do with the matter than even Smith; but it was the latter who was first put conspicuously forward, and who managed to retain the preëminence. The account of the pretended revelation, as given by Smith, is as follows: He all at once found himself laboring in a state of great darkness and wretchedness of mind—was bewildered among the conflicting doctrines of Christians, and could find no comfort or rest for his soul. In this state, he resorted to earnest prayer, kneeling in the woods and fields, and after long perseverance was answered by the appearance of a bright light in heaven, which gradually descended until it enveloped the worshiper, who found himself standing face to face with two supernatural beings. Of these he inquired which was the true religion? The reply was, that all existing religions were erroneous, but that the pure doctrine and crowning dispensation of Christianity should at a future period be miraculously revealed to himself. Several similar visitations ensued, and at length he was informed that the North American Indians were a remnant of Israel; that when they first entered America they were a powerful and enlightened people; that their priests and rulers kept the records of their history and doctrines; but that, having fallen off from the true worship, the great body of the nation were supernaturally destroyed—not, however, until a priest and prophet, named Mormon, had, by heavenly direction, drawn up an abstract of their records and religious opinions. He was told that this still existed buried in the earth, and that he was selected as the instrument for its recovery and manifestation to all nations. The record, it was said, contained many prophecies as to these latter days, and instructions for the gathering of the saints into a temporal and spiritual kingdom, preparatory to the second coming of the Messiah, which was at hand. After several very similar visions, the spot in which the book lay buried was disclosed. Smith went to it, and after digging discovered a sort of box, formed of upright and horizontal flags, within which lay a number of plates resembling gold, and of the thickness of common tin. These were

bound together by a wire, and were engraved with Egyptian characters. By the side of them lay two transparent stones, called by the ancients, "Urim and Thummim," set in "the two rims of a bow." These stones were divining crystals; and the angels informed Smith, that by using them he would be enabled to decipher the characters on the plates. What ultimately became of the plates—if such things existed at all—does not appear. They were said to have been seen and handled by eleven witnesses. With the exception of three persons, these witnesses were either members of Smith's family, or of a neighboring family of the name of Whitmer. The Smiths, of course, give suspicious testimony. The Whitmers have disappeared, and no one knows anything about them. Another witness, Oliver Cowdrey, was afterward an amanuensis to Joseph; and another, Martin Harris, was long a conspicuous disciple. There is some confusion, however, about this person. Although he signs his name as a witness who has seen and handled the plates, he assured Professor Anthon that he never had seen them, that "he was not sufficiently pure of heart;" and that Joseph refused to show him the plates, but gave him instead a transcript on paper of the characters engraved on them. It is difficult to trace the early advances of the imposture. Everything is vague and uncertain. We have no dates, and only the statements of the prophet and his friends.

Meantime, Smith must have worked successfully on the feeble and superstitious mind of Martin Harris. This man, as we have just said, received from him a written transcript of the mysterious characters, and conveyed it to Professor Anthon, a competent philological authority. Dr. Anthon's account of the interview is one of the most important parts of the entire history. Harris told him he had not seen the plates, but that he intended to sell his farm and give the proceeds to enable Smith to publish a translation of them. This statement, with what follows, shows that Smith's original intention, *quoad* the alleged plates, was to use them as a means for swindling Harris. The Mormons have published accounts of Professor Anthon's judgment on the paper submitted to him, which he himself states to be "perfectly false."

The Mormon version of the interview represents Dr. Anthon "as having been unable to decipher the characters correctly, but as having presumed that, if the original records could be brought, he could assist in translating them." On this statement being made, Dr. Anthon described the document submitted to him as having been a sort of *pot-pourri* of ancient marks and alphabets. "It had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him a book containing various alphabets: Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged in perpendicular columns, and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with numerous strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican Calendar given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived." This account disposes of the statement that the characters were Egyptian; while the very jumble of the signs of different nations, languages, and ages, proves that the impostor was deficient both in tact and knowledge. The scheme seems to have been, at all events, *in petto* when Smith communicated with Harris; but a satisfactory clew to the fabrication is lost in our ignorance of the time and circumstances under which Smith and Rigdon came together. It must have been subsequent to that event that the "translation," by means of the magic Urim and Thummim, was begun. This work Smith is represented as having labored at steadily, assisted by Oliver Cowdrey, until a volume was produced containing as much matter as the Old Testament, written in the Biblical style, and containing, as Smith said the angel had informed him, a history of the lost tribes in their pilgrimage to and settlement in America, with copious doctrinal and prophetic commentaries and revelations.

The devotion of Harris to the impostor secured a fund sufficient for defraying the cost of printing the pretended revelation, and the sect began slowly to increase. The doctrines of Smith were not at first very clearly defined; it is probable that neither he nor Rigdon had determined what should be their precise character; but like their early cotemporary, the prophet Matthias, they had no hesitation in deciding on one cardinal point, that the reve-

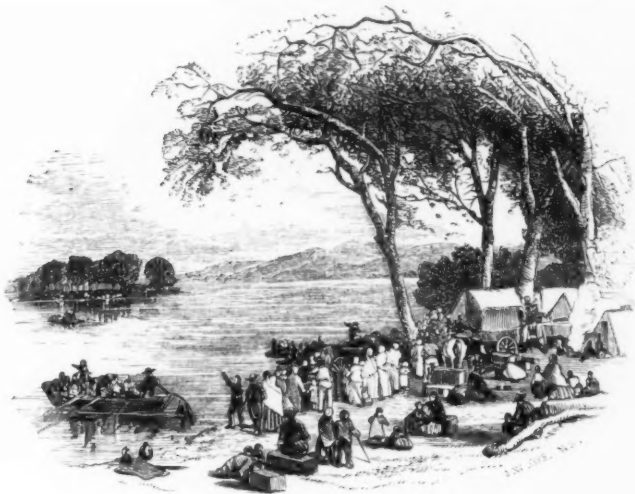


A MORMON CARAVAN ON THE PRAIRIES.

lations made to Smith at any time should be received with unquestioning and implicit faith, and the earliest of these revelations contemplated a liberal provision for all the prophet's personal necessities. Thus, in February, 1831, it was revealed to the disciples that they should immediately build the prophet a house; on another occasion it was enjoined that, if they had any regard for their own souls, the sooner they provided him with food and raiment, and everything he needed, the better it would be for them; and in a third revelation, Joseph was informed that "he was not to labor for his living." All these "revelations" were received, and though the impostor seemed to intelligent men little better than a buffoon, his followers soon learned to regard him as almost deserving of adoration, and he began to revel in whatever luxury and profligacy was most agreeable to his vulgar taste and ambition. It was asserted that his original want of cultivation precluded the notion of his having, by the exercise of any natural or acquired faculties, produced his "revelations." Everywhere his followers said, "The prophet is not learned in a human sense: how could he have become acquainted with all the antiquarian learning here displayed, if it were not supernaturally communicated to him?" But to this question there was soon an answer equally explicit and satisfactory. The real author of the Book of Mormon was a Rev. Solomon Spaulding, who wrote it as a romance.

Its entire history, and the means by which it came into the possession of Smith, are described in the following statement, by Mr. Spaulding's widow:—

"Since the *Book of Mormon*, or *Golden Bible*, (as it was originally called,) has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain new sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty to the public to state what I know of its origin. . . . Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was married in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination, and great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New-York. From this place we removed to New-Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health failed, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New-Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These relics arrest the attention of new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his mind, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of the long-lost race. Their antiquity led him to adopt the most ancient style, and he imitated the Old Testament as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great



CROSSING THE MISSOURI.

interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth; and he gave it the title of 'The Manuscript Found.' The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding advanced in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared, he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it. From New-Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance, in the person of Mr. Patterson, and editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing-office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and, as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington County, where Mr. Spaulding died, in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. M'Kenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and

by other friends. After the Book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New-Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the 'Manuscript Found' was written. A woman appointed a meeting there; and in the meeting read copious extracts from the Book of Mormon. The historical part was known by all the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognized perfectly the production of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in tears, and he arose on the spot, and expressed to the meeting his sorrow that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New-Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible—to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry, Lake, Aaron, Wright, and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided at New-Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus, an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine."

Similar evidence as to the Spaulding MS. was given by several private friends, and by the writer's brother, all of whom were familiar with its contents. The facts thus graphically detailed have of course been denied, but have never been disproved. Indeed, without them; it is impossible to explain the hold which Rigdon always possessed on the Prophet; for he was a poor creature, without education and without talents. At one time—a critical moment in the history of the new Church—a quarrel arose between the accomplices; but it ended in Smith's receiving a "revelation," in which Rigdon was raised by divine command to be equal with himself, having plenary power given to him to bind and loose both on earth and in heaven.

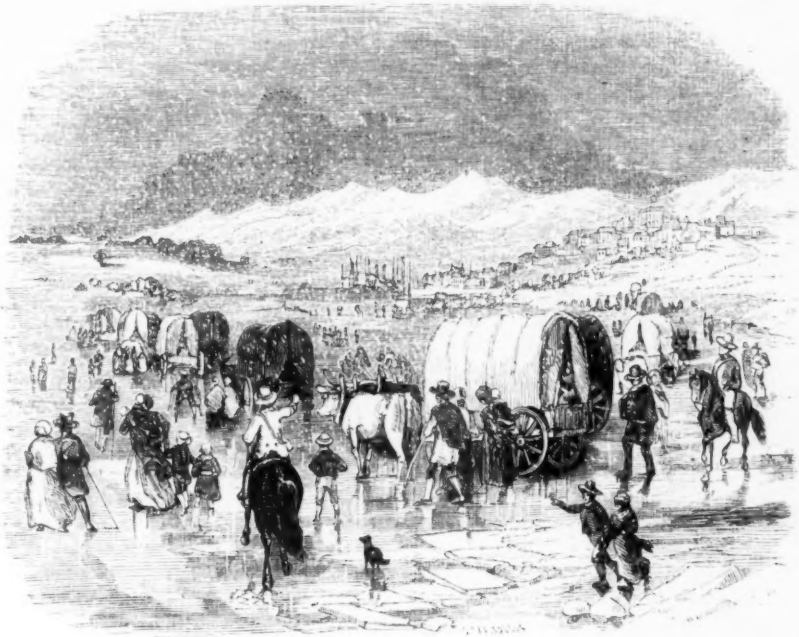
The remaining history of the Mormons is eminently interesting. Ignorant and superstitious as have been the chief part of the disciples, and atrocious as have been the tricks of the knaves who have led them on amid all the varieties of their good and evil fortune, there have occasionally been displayed among them an enthusiasm and bravery of endurance that demand admiration. Nearly from the beginning the leaders of the sect seem to

have contemplated settling in the thinly populated regions of the western states, where lands were to be purchased for low prices; and after a short residence at Kirksland, in Ohio, they determined to found a New Jerusalem in Missouri. The interests of the town were confided to suitable officers, and Smith spent his time in traveling through the country and preaching, until the real or pretended immoralities of the sect led to such discontents that in 1839 they were forcibly and lawlessly expelled from the State. We are inclined to believe that they were not only treated with remarkable severity, but that there was no reason whatever to justify an interference in their affairs.

From Missouri the saints proceeded to Illinois, and on the 6th of April, 1841, with imposing ceremonies, laid at their new city of Nauvoo the corner-stone of the Temple, an immense edifice, without any architectural order or attraction, which in a few months was celebrated everywhere as not inferior in size and magnificence to that built by Solomon in Jerusalem. It was of white limestone, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, eighty-three feet wide, and sixty feet high. Its style will be seen in the engraving.



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.



THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

This building was destroyed by fire on the 19th of November, 1848. Nauvoo is delightfully situated in the midst of a fertile district, and a careful inquirer will not be apt to deny that it became the home of a more industrious, frugal, and generally moral society, than occupied any other town in the State. Whatever charges were preferred against Smith and his disciples, to justify the outrages to which they were subjected, the history of their expulsion from Nauvoo is simply a series of illustrations of the fact that the ruffian population of the neighboring country set on foot a vast scheme of robbery in order to obtain the lands and improvements of the Mormons without paying for them. We have not room for a particular statement of the discontents and conspiracies which grew up in the city, nor for any detail of the aggressions from without. On the 27th of June, 1844, Joseph and Hiram Smith were murdered, while under the especial protection of the authorities of the State.

The death of their leaders now threw the saints into the utmost confusion. Various pretenders to the supreme power

and influence at once appeared. After much dissension, the party of Brigham Young triumphed over that of Sidney Rigdon; the sect were reorganized, and for some time were permitted quietly to prosecute their plans at Nauvoo. But early in 1846 they were driven out of their city, and compelled in midwinter to seek a new home beyond the farthest borders of civilization. The first companies, embracing sixteen hundred persons, crossed the Mississippi on the 3d of February, 1846, and similar detachments continued to leave until July and August, traveling by ox-teams toward California, then almost unknown, and quite unpeopled by the Anglo-Saxon race. Their enemies asserted that the intention of the Saints was to excite the Indians against the government, and that they would return to take vengeance on the whites for the indignities they had suffered. Nothing appears to have been further from their intentions. Their sole object was to plant their Church in some fertile and hitherto undiscovered spot, where they might be unmolested by any opposing sect. The war against Mexico was then raging, and, to test the loyalty

of the Mormons, it was suggested that a demand should be made on them to raise five hundred men for the service of the country. They consented, and that number of their best men enrolled themselves under General Kearney, and marched two thousand four hundred miles with the armies of the United States. At the conclusion of the war they were disbanded in Upper California. They allege that it was one of this band who, in working at a mill, first discovered the golden treasures of California; and they are said to have amassed large quantities of gold before the secret was made generally known to the "Gentiles." But faith was not kept with the Mormons who remained in Nauvoo. Although they had agreed to leave in detachments, as rapidly as practicable, they were not allowed necessary time to dispose of their property; and in September, 1846, the city was besieged by their enemies upon the pretence that they did not intend to fulfill the stipulations made with the people and authorities of Illinois. Af-

ter a three days' bombardment, the last remnant was finally driven out.

The terrible hejira of the Mormon emigrants over the Rocky Mountains has been described by Mr. Kane of Philadelphia, in an interesting pamphlet, which is honorable to his own character for good sense and for benevolent feeling. No religious emigration was ever attended by more suffering, no emigration of any kind was ever prosecuted with more bravery. It resulted in the permanent establishment of the "Commonwealth of the New Covenant," in Utah, or Deseret, one of the most attractive portions of the interior of this continent, near its western border. Of this territory Mr. Kane says:—

"Deseret is emphatically a new country; new in its own characteristic features, newer still in its bringing together within its limits the most inconsistent peculiarities of other countries. I cannot aptly compare it to any. Descend from the mountains, where you have the scenery and climate of Switzerland, to seek the sky of your choice among the many climates of Italy, and you may find welling out of the



GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OR NEW-JERUSALEM.

same hills the freezing springs of Mexico and the hot springs of Iceland, both together coursing their way to the Salt Sea of Palestine, in the plain below. The pages of Malte Brun provide me with a less truthful parallel to it than those which describe the Happy Valley of Rascllas, or the continent of Ballibarbi."

The history of the Mormons has ever since been an unbroken record of prosperity. It has looked as though the elements of fortune, obedient to a law of natural reaction, were struggling to compensate their undue share of suffering. They may be pardoned for deeming it miraculous. But, in truth, the economist accounts for it all, who explains to us the speedy recuperation of cities, laid in ruin by flood, fire, and earthquake. During its years of trial, Mormon labor had subsisted on insufficient capital, and under many difficulties; but it *has* subsisted, and survives there now, as intelligent and powerful as ever it was at Nauvoo; with this difference, that it has in the mean time been educated to habits of unmatched thrift, energy, and endurance, and has been transplanted to a situation where it is in every respect more productive. Moreover, during all the period of their journey, while some have gained by practice in handiwork, and the experience of repeated essays at their various halting-places, the minds of all have been busy framing designs and planning improvements they have since found opportunity to execute. Their territory is unequaled as a stock-raising country; the finest pastures of Lombardy are not more estimable than those on the east side of the Utah Lake and its tributary rivers; and it is scarcely less rich in timber and minerals than the most fortunate portions of the continent.

From the first the Mormons have had little to do in Deseret, but attend to mechanical and strictly agricultural pursuits. They have made several successful settlements: the farthest north is distant more than forty miles, and the farthest south, in a valley called the Sanpceeh, two hundred, from that first formed. A duplicate of the Lake Tiberias empties its waters into the innocent Dead Sea of Deseret, by a fine river, which they have named the Western Jordan. It was on the right bank of this stream, on a rich table land, traversed by exhaustless waters falling from the highlands, that the pioneers, coming out of the mountains in the night of the 24th of July, 1847, pitched their first camp in the Val-

ley, and consecrated the ground. This spot proved the most favorable site for their chief settlement, and after exploring the whole country they founded on it their city named New Jerusalem. Its houses are diffused, to command as much as possible the farms, which are laid out in wards or cantons, with a common fence to each. The farms in wheat already cover a space nearly as large as Rhode Island. The houses of New Jerusalem, or Great Salt Lake City, as it is commonly called, are distributed over an area nearly as great as that of New-York. The foundations have been laid for a temple more vast and magnificent than that of Nauvoo. Indeed, the foundation of a mighty State is laid in the far West, having laws and institutions peculiar to the faith of its founders.

Such has been the history of the Mormons in the past—their future is as yet unknown. But it needs not the eye of a seer to behold, through the dimness of that future, with some distinctness the dark form of contention. Among the applications hereafter to be made of the long-asserted principle that an American citizen has the right to remove anywhere in our public domain with his family and his property, will be found some most momentous questions connected with the laws and institutions of Deseret. It is yet to be decided whether other Territories and States are bound to acknowledge and honor polygamy in the sons of Joseph Smith, and at the same time punish it most severely in the instance of others: or, whether the door is to be thrown wide open to the most unbridled licentiousness. Christian philanthropists, it may be even at this early day, are bound to consider the propriety of pitching a tabernacle to Jehovah amid those distant tents of an impure religion which, like the handful of corn in the top of the mountain, may one day fill the whole land.

THERE is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker.



LUTHER'S FRIEND ALEXIS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

IN 1505, the young man's life was accidentally turned into quite a new channel. A friend of his was struck dead by lightning at his side. He uttered a cry; and that cry was a vow to St. Anne to turn monk. He is filled with dread of the wrath of God and the last judgment; he resolves that he will enter a monastery, there to serve God and be reconciled unto him by the reading of masses; also to attain his eternal salvation by monastic sanctity. "Help, Saint Anna!" he cried, when the lightning struck close beside him, "and I will forthwith become a monk!" The danger over, he made no attempt to elude a vow into which he had been surprised by terror—he solicited no dispensation; he regarded the stroke which he conceived himself to have narrowly escaped, as a menace and command from Heaven, and only deferred the fulfillment of the obligation he had undertaken for a fortnight.

The artist has designedly adopted the above version of this event in Luther's life—which is the best accredited among

several—and we see his two mighty monitors of death—the corpse of his friend and the lightning—united to create one impression.

LUTHER ENTERS THE MONASTERY OF THE AUGUSTINES, 1505.

On the 17th of July, 1505, after having spent the evening pleasantly in a musical party, with his friends, he entered the same night the cloister of the Augustines, at Erfurt. The next day, he wrote to various parties bidding them farewell, informed his father of the step he had taken, and remained secluded for the period of a month.

He was conscious how much he clung to the world; and feared to face his father's respected countenance, his commands, and his prayers. In fact, it took two years to persuade John Luther to allow him his way, and to consent to be present at his ordination. A day on which the miner could quit his work was fixed for the ceremony; and he came to Erfurt, accompanied by many of his friends and ac-



LUTHER ENTERS THE AUGUSTINE MONASTERY.

quaintances, when he bestowed on the son he was losing twenty florins, the amount of his savings.

"I became a monk," he wrote some time afterward to his father, "not willingly, still less to fatten my body, but because, when I was encompassed by the terror and fear of quick-coming death, I vowed a forced and hasty vow."

Only two Latin poets, Virgil and Plautus, now his sole property, accompanied him into the cell of the cloister; he crossed its threshold while yet engaged in anxious internal strife. Like a prophecy of future liberation did the statue of St. Augustine, the tutelary saint of his order, whose words were destined at a later period to become for him a guide to the living waters, look down upon him.

"I entered the monastery and left the world," he says, "despairing of myself. I thought God would not take my part; and if I meant to go to heaven, and be saved, it must be by my own efforts. For this reason I became a monk, and labored hard."

his exceeding mercy has called me to his most solemn service, I am in every way bound to undertake the task which has been intrusted to me, and I may be as grateful for his divine goodness as it is possible for such dust as I."

It must not be supposed that the new priest was impelled by any particular fervor to contract so serious an engagement. We have seen the baggage of mundane literature which he brought with him into the cloister. Let us hear his own confession of the frame of mind with which he entered:—

"When I said my first mass at Erfurth, I was all but dead, for I was without faith. My only thought was, that I was most acceptable. I had no idea that I was a sinner. The first mass was an event much looked to, and a considerable sum of money was always collected. The *horæ canonicæ* were borne in with torches. The dear young lord, as the peasants called their new priest, had then to dance with his mother, if she were still

LUTHER IS SOLEMNLY ORDAINED A PRIEST.

THE master of arts has become a monk, the monk now becomes a priest. The vow of the monk and the ordination of the priest are raised like two walls between Luther and the profane world, between him and the original gospel.

"On Sunday, Cantate, May 2d, 1507, he read mass for the first time. "It is a fine thing," he said later, "to be a new priest and to celebrate mass for the first time! Blessed was the woman who had borne a priest. A consecrated parson, as compared with a common baptized Christian, was like the morning star compared to a flickering wick."

"As the glorious God, holy in all his works," he writes to Brown a few days before his ordination, "has deemed me, an unworthy sinner, fit to be raised thus highly, and in



ORDINATION OF LUTHER.

alive, while the bystanders wept for joy; if dead, he put her, as the phrase runs, under the communion-cup, and saved her from purgatory."

LUTHER'S BODILY AND MENTAL SELF-TORMENTS.

LUTHER having obtained his wish, having become priest and monk, all being consummated and the door closed, there then began, I do not say regrets, but misgivings, doubts, the temptations of the flesh, the pernicious subtleties of the spirit. We of the present day can have but a faint idea of the rude gymnastics of the solitary mind. Our passions are regulated; we stifle them in their birth. How can we, plunged in the enervating dissipation of a thousand businesses, studies, and easy enjoyments, and blunted by precocious satiety both of the senses and the mind, picture to ourselves the spiritual conflicts entered into by the man of the middle age? the painful mysteries of an abstinent and fantastic life; the fearful fights which have taken place, noiselessly and unrecorded,

between the wall and the somber casement of the monk's poor cell? An archbishop of Mentz was accustomed to say:—

"The human heart is like the stones of a mill: if you put corn between them they grind it and make it into flour; but if you put none they keep turning till they grind themselves away."

... "When I was a monk," says Luther, "I often wrote to Dr. Staupitz. I once wrote to him, '*O! my sins! my sins! my sins!*' to which he replied, 'You desire to be without sin, and yet are free from all real sin. Christ was the pardon for sin.' " ... "I frequently confessed to Dr. Staupitz, not about trifles such as women are in the habit of doing, but about thoughts which go to the root of the matter. He answered me, like all other confessors, 'I don't understand you.' At last

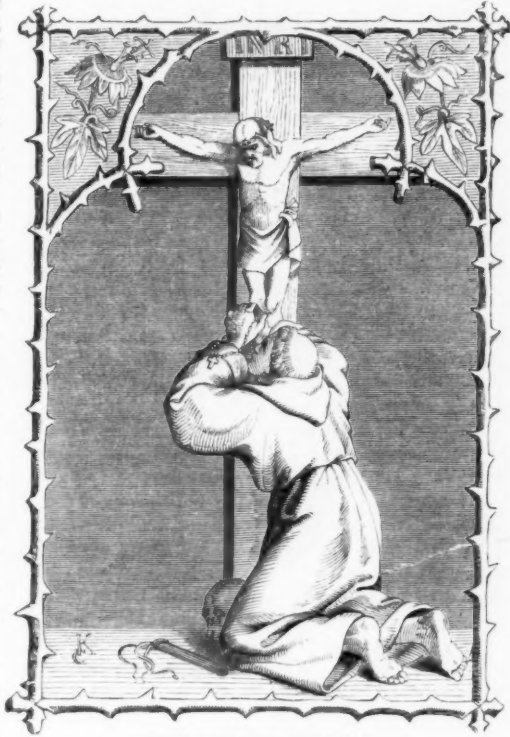
he came to me as I was sitting at table, and said: 'Are you so sad, then, *frater Martine?*' 'Ah!' replied I, 'yes, I am.' 'You are not aware,' he said, 'that temptation of the kind is good and necessary for you, but only for you.' He simply meant that I was learned, and, without such temptations, would become proud and haughty; but I afterward knew that it was the Holy Ghost that was speaking to me."

Elsewhere, Luther describes how those temptations had reduced him to such a condition that he did not eat, drink, or sleep for a fortnight. "Ah! were St. Paul now living, how should I wish to hear from himself what kind of temptation it was by which he was tried! It was not the sting of the flesh; it was not the good Tecla, as the Papists dream. O! no; that were not a sin to rack his conscience. It was something exceeding the despair caused by sins; it was rather the temptation alluded to by the Psalmist, when he exclaims, 'My God, my God, why hast

thou forsaken me?' As if he meant to say, 'Thou art my enemy without a cause;' or the cry of Job: 'I am, nevertheless, just and innocent.' I feel certain that the book of Job is a true history, out of which a poem was subsequently made. . . .

Jerome and the other fathers did not undergo such temptations. They suffered but puerile ones, those of the flesh, which, however, have their own pangs, too. Augustine and Ambrose had theirs; they trembled before the sword; but this is nothing in comparison with the angel of Satan, *who buffets with the fists*. . . . If my life endure a little longer I will write a book on temptations, without undergoing which one can neither comprehend Holy Scripture nor know the love and fear of God."—" . . . I was ill in the infirmary. The cruellest temptations exhausted and racked my frame, so that I had scarcely power to draw a breath. None gave me comfort. Those to whom I complained, answered, 'We know nothing of this.' Then I said to myself: 'Am I alone to be so depressed in mind?' . . . O! what horrible specters and faces danced around me! . . . But, for these ten years, God, by his dear angels, has given me the comfort of fighting and writing (in his cause?)."

Long after this, the year before his death, he explains the nature of these fearful temptations:—"From the time that I attended the schools, I had felt, when studying St. Paul's Epistles, the most intolerable anxiety to know the intent of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. I stuck at one phrase—*Justitia Dei revelatur in illo* (for therein is the *righteousness* of God revealed.) I hated that word, *justitia Dei*, (the *righteousness* of God,) because I had learnt to understand it, with the schoolmen, of that active justice through which God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. Leading the life of a blameless monk, yet disturbed by the



LUTHER EMBRACING THE CROSS.

sinner's uneasy conscience, and unable to feel certain of justification before God, I could not love, rather, I must confess it, I hated this just God, the avenger of sin. I waxed wroth, and murmured loudly within myself, if I did not blaspheme—'What,' I said, 'is it not enough that unhappy sinners, already eternally lost through original sin, are overwhelmed with innumerable woes by the law of the decalogue, but must God heap suffering upon suffering, and menace us in the gospel itself with his justice and his wrath?' . . . I was hurried out of myself on this wise by the uneasiness of my conscience, and kept constantly recurring to and sifting the same passage, with a burning desire to penetrate St. Paul's meaning.

"As I meditated day and night upon the words: 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith,' God at length took pity upon me. I perceived that the righteousness of God is that by which the just man, through

God's goodness, lives, that is to say, *faith*; and that the meaning of the passage is—the gospel reveals the righteousness of God, a passive righteousness, through which the God of mercy justifies us by faith. On this I felt as if I were born again, and seemed to be entering through the opening portals of Paradise. . . . Some time afterward I read St. Augustine's work, *Of the Letter and the Spirit*, and found, contrary to my expectation, that he also understands by the righteousness of God, that which God imputes to us by justifying us; a coincidence which afforded me gratification, although the subject is imperfectly stated in the work, and this father does not explain himself fully or clearly on the doctrine of imputation. . . ."

Neither monkish vow nor ordination, however, could bring peace to this troubled heart yearning after God.

"I have indeed"—these are his own words—"kept the rules of my order with great perseverance and zeal; I have often been sick and almost dead with fasting. A disgraceful persecutor and murderer of my own body I was; for I fasted, prayed, watched, wearied, and exhausted myself beyond my strength. We had been brought up under these human ordinances, which

had obscured Christ, and made him of no avail to us; I thought that my monkery would be all-sufficient; for I did not believe in Christ, but took him to be only a dreadful judge, as he was painted sitting on a rainbow.

"The more I strove to pacify my conscience by means of fasting, watching, and praying, the less quiet and peace I felt; for the true light was hidden from mine eyes. The more I sought the Lord, and thought to approach him, the further I departed from him.

Nothing external, not the martyr's cross which he embraced, not the castigations with which he tormented himself, could satisfy the longing of his soul.

LUTHER FAINTS IN HIS CELL, THE BIBLE IN HIS HAND—REVIVED BY MEANS OF MUSIC.

THE artist takes us into Luther's monastic cell at Erfurt; we see the youth weakened by mental struggles and penances, as, absorbed in the Scriptures, he has fainted, so that the monks can awaken him only by the power of music.

According to Seckendorf's account, this event occurred at Wittenberg, where Luther's friend, Edenberger, roused him with a sacred song, which he and the



LUTHER REVIVED BY MUSIC.



LUTHER CONSOLED BY A MONK.

boys of the choir sang at his door ; but the artist adopts the more generally believed version, that this event occurred in the monastery at Erfurt. It is more than probable that such instances of abstraction and the arousing from it occurred more than once. "For music," said Luther in praise of the art, "is the best cordial for a sorrowful man, which maketh the heart contented, refreshed, and vigorous."

"I made myself," he states, referring to that period, "so well acquainted with the Bible, that I knew the page and place of every text. No other study than that of the Scriptures interested me ; I read them zealously, and inprinted them on my memory. Many a time one single significant text dwelt in my thoughts for a whole day."

LUTHER STRENGTHENED BY THE CONSOLING
EXHORTATIONS OF AN OLD MONK.

STILL more powerfully than by music was Luther strengthened by the living word of God from the mouth of a believer. "God sent him," relates Mathesius, "an old brother of the monastery as a confessor, who consoled him affectionately, and pointed out to him the merciful forgive-

ness of sins as announced in the apostolic confession of faith ; and who taught him, from the sermons of St. Bernard, that he ought to have this faith also with regard to himself, that our merciful God and Father had granted him forgiveness of all his sins through the sole sacrifice and blood of his Son, and had announced the same, through the Holy Ghost, in the apostolic Church, by the word 'absolution.' This proved a living and powerful consolation to our doctor's heart, in that he hath often made honorable mention of his confessor, and heartily thanked him." Seckendorf, in his account of Luther having been comforted on his sick-bed by an old monk, apparently confounds this event with an earlier one, when Luther, before his entrance into the monastery, was, during a serious illness, consoled by an old monk in these words: "Be comforted, my young bachelor of arts ; thou shalt not die of this attack ; our God will yet make of thee a great man, who is to comfort many people. For whom God loveth, and whom he wills to prepare for salvation, on him he early lays the cross ; in which school of the cross patient people may learn much."

The artist has, notwithstanding this, a good right to represent Luther to us in the monastery also as a sick man; for he himself says of these attacks: "In the great temptations which I suffered, and which consumed my body so that I had no breath, no man could comfort me."

The living power which dwelleth in the communion of faith Luther experienced for the first time at the words of that gray-headed man. It was his first conception of the true imperishable Church.

BLAZING STARS OR COMETS.

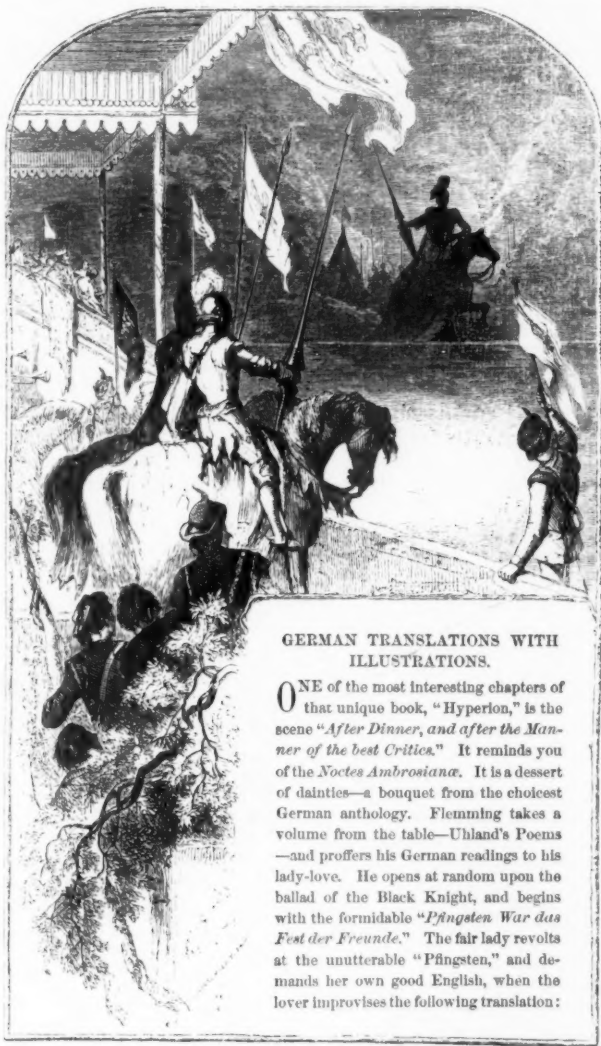
IN the year 1066, during the reign of that Harold whose sun set on the bloody field of Hastings; and while Duke William the Bastard was organizing, in Normandy, his descent upon England, there appeared, says the old chronicler, "a blasing starre, which was scene not only here in England, but also in other parts of the world, and continued the space of seven daies. This blasing starre might be a prediction of mischief imminent, and hanging over Harold's head; for they never appear but as prognosticcs of after-claps." Such stars are again described by the same chronicler, thus:—"These blasing starres, dreadful to be scene, with blondie haire, and all over rough and shagged at the top." Popular fancy has always clothed these bodies with peculiar terrors; and, indeed, the different and varying forms under which they have appeared are well calculated to strike and powerfully affect the imaginations of men. The reader of Josephus knows that a comet, shaped and glittering like a sword, without any rays or beams, was seen to hover over Jerusalem for nearly a year before it fell into the hands of the Romans. A comet, having the resemblance of a horn, appeared during the battle of Salamis. The wars of Cæsar and Pompey, the murder of Claudius, and the tyranny of Nero, were all prefigured by comets. But, though usually, they were not invariably regarded as portents of evil omen; "for," says a recent writer, "the birth and accession of Alexander, of Mithridates, the birth of Charles Martel, and the accession of Charlemagne, and the commencement of the Tatar empire, were all notified by blazing stars." After the murder of Julius Cæsar, a brilliant comet, which illumined the Italian sky for seven successive

nights, was supposed to indicate his *apothecosis*, or the carrying his soul to the region of the gods. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, one appeared, which her flatterers did not know very well how to interpret; being afraid, on the one hand, to incur a charge of misprision of treason, by foreboding state calamities, and, on the other, being equally aware of the danger of even so much as hinting at the removal of her majesty from the possession of a terrestrial to that of a celestial crown. Queen Elizabeth's comet appeared in 1618; and such was the dismay and horror which it carried in its train, not to the minds of monarchs only, but to those of private individuals, that Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, "having," says Aikin, "been in danger of making an untimely end by entangling himself among some bell-ropes, makes a memorandum in his private diary never more to exercise himself in bell-ringing when there is a comet in the sky."

The uses and intentions of comets are, according to different writers, as different and various as are their figures. One author declares that they "were made to the end that the ethereal regions might not be more void of monsters than the ocean is of whales and other great thieving fishes; and that a gross fatness being gathered together as excrements into an imposthume, the celestial air might thereby be purged, lest the sun should be obscured." Another says, "they signifie corruption of the ayre. They are signes of earthquake, of warres, chaunging of kingdomes, great dearth of corne, yea, a common death of man and beast." A poet of the same period writes:—

"There, with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and
war;
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses,
To all estates inevitable losses;
To herds men rot, to ploughmen hapless seasons,
To sailors storms, to cities civil treasons."

And a writer on the subject of comets, in 1665, expresses *his* opinion as to the end and object for which they were sent to terrify the nations, and to scatter clouds of darkness over the mental faculties of the children of Adam, in the following extravagant terms:—"As if God and nature intended by comets to ring the knells of princes; esteeming the bells of churches upon earth not sacred enough for such illustrious and eminent performances."



GERMAN TRANSLATIONS WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS.

ONE of the most interesting chapters of that unique book, "Hyperion," is the scene "After Dinner, and after the Manner of the best Critics." It reminds you of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It is a dessert of dainties—a bouquet from the choicest German anthology. Flemming takes a volume from the table—Uhland's Poems—and proffers his German readings to his lady-love. He opens at random upon the ballad of the Black Knight, and begins with the formidable "*Pfingsten War das Fest der Freunde*." The fair lady revolts at the unutterable "*Pfingsten*," and demands her own good English, when the lover improvises the following translation:

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

"T'WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king, and spake :
 'So from the halls
 Of ancient Hofburg's walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.'

"Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king look'd on ;
 In the play of spears,
 Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch's stalwart son.
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"To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
'Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say!'
 'Should I speak it here,
 Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I'm a prince of mighty sway!"

"When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
 At the first blow
 Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

"Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin:

"Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasp'd her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

"To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

"Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
'Golden wine will make you whole!'
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
'O that draught was very cool!"

"Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly,
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"'Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth:
Take me, too, the joyless father!'
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
'Roses in the spring I gather!"



"That is, indeed, a striking ballad!" said the lady, "but rather too grim and ghostly for this dull afternoon."

"It begins joyously enough with the feast of Pentecost," replies Flemming, "and the crimson banners at the old castle. Then the contrast is well managed. The knight in black mail, and the waving in of the mighty shadow in the dance, and the dropping of the faded flowers, are all strikingly presented to the imagination. However, it tells its own story, and needs no explanation.

"Here," continues Flemming, "is something in a different vein, though still melancholy. The Castle by the Sea. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, if you like."

Flemming read:—

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirror'd wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

"The winds and the waves of ocean
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.

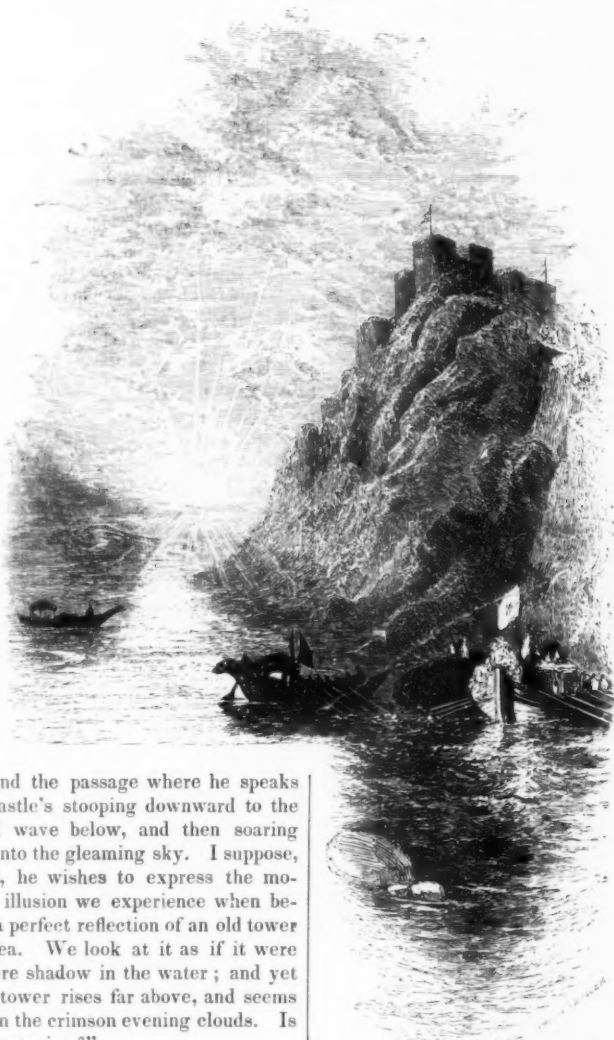
"And sawest thou on the torrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!"

"How do you like that?" asks Flemming.

"It is very graceful and pretty," replies the fair lady; "but Uhland seems to leave a great deal to his reader's imagination. All his readers should be poets themselves, or they will hardly comprehend him. I confess I hardly



understand the passage where he speaks of the castle's stooping downward to the mirrored wave below, and then soaring upward into the gleaming sky. I suppose, however, he wishes to express the momentary illusion we experience when beholding a perfect reflection of an old tower in the sea. We look at it as if it were not a mere shadow in the water; and yet the real tower rises far above, and seems to float in the crimson evening clouds. Is that the meaning?"

The reply is apt, and suggests a subtle esthetic fact.

"I should think it was. To me it is all a beautiful cloud landscape, which I comprehend and feel, and yet should find some difficulty perhaps in explaining."

"And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty,

all at once; as glowworms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Very true. We ought sometimes to be content with feeling. Here, now, is an exquisite piece, which soothes one like the fall of evening shadows,—like the dewy coolness of twilight after a sultry day. I shall not give you a bald translation of my own, because I have laid up in my memory another, which, though not

very literal, equals the original in beauty.
Observe how finely it commences.

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

"Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

"One on earth in silence wrought
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

"So, when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come
o'er me,
Friends, who closed their course before
me.



"Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore!
Let us walk in soul once more!

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me!"

"O, that is beautiful,—a beautiful exceedingly!" Who translated it?" exclaims the lady.

"I do not know," replies Flemming: "I wish I could find him out. It is certainly admirably done; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation."

"And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual?"

"Yes, he generally looks into the spirit-world. I am now trying to find here a little poem on the Death of a Country Clergyman, in which he introduces a striking picture. But I cannot turn to it. No matter. He describes the spirit of the good old man, returning to earth on a bright summer morning, and standing amid the golden corn and the red and blue flowers, and mildly greeting the reapers as of old. But there is nothing morbid in Uhland's mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning. In this he differs entirely from such writers as Salis and Matthiesson."

"And who are they?"

"Two melancholy gentlemen to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake. And now their spirits stand in the green fields of German song like two weeping-willows bending over a grave. To read their poems is like wandering through a village church-yard on a summer evening, reading the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, and recalling sweet images of the departed; while above you,

"Hark! in the holy grove of palms,
Where the stream of life runs free,
Echoes, in the angels' psalms,
'Sister spirit! hail to thee!"

"How musically those lines flow! Are they Matthiesson's?"

"Yes; and they do indeed flow musically. I wish I had his poems here. I should like to read to you his Elegy on the Ruins of an Ancient Castle. It is an imitation of Gray's Elegy. You have been at Baden-Baden?"

"Yes; last summer."



"Tender morning visions of beauteous souls?"

"And have not forgotten ——"

"The old castle? Of course not. What a magnificent ruin it is!"

"That is the scene of Matthisson's poem, and seems to have filled the melancholy bard with more than wonted inspiration."

"I should like very much to see the poem,—I remember that old ruin with so much delight." Flemming, however, has it not at hand. The "genius" of the old castle ruins of Germany imbues her best

poetry—a shadowy spirit of the past, sometimes of saddest desolation, breathes through it. His Parnassus ranges along the whole course of the Rhine, and how do the mountains and old ruins of that romantic river reveal themselves in picturesque outlines in all the visions of her great bards! He that would read German poetry aright, must first go on a pilgrimage to the Rhine. But to return to Flemming and his lady love. He gives her a sweet and mournful poem from Salis, the other melancholy gentleman of the "Dismal Swamp and cambric handkerchiefs." It is called *The Song of the Silent Land*.

"Into the silent land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the silent land?

"Into the silent land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!

Who in life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear hope's tender blossoms

Into the silent land!

"O land! O land!

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great departed,

Into the silent land!"

"Is not that a beautiful poem?"

The lady made no answer. She had turned away to hide her tears.

EDUCATION.—Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain—it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the more dangerous man.—*Locke*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE ENSENADA.

COLONEL WALKER'S EXPEDITION TO SONORA.

CALIFORNIA, so recently acquired by the United States, borders the Pacific from 33° to 42° north latitude, and is bounded on its east by Utah and New-Mexico. From its southern limit stretches still further southward a peninsular formed by the ocean on the west and the Gulf of California on the east, known as *Lower California*. Directly opposite this peninsula, and on the eastern shore of the gulf, is Sonora, both of them provinces of Mexico. Of late many avaricious glances have been turned to Lower California and Sonora, as a region surpassing even California itself in the treasures of its rocks and hills and streams. Some preparations for its invasion were frequently made, but without any fruit until the latter part of the year 1852, when, in a most unexpected manner, this desired end seemed about to be secured. The celebrated Count Raousset de Boulbon, a Parisian merchant of immense wealth, had become bankrupt, and leaving his native city came to Mexico, seeking to retrieve his fortunes. He was at once employed by Messrs. Forre Decker & Co., to superintend some extensive mining operations in Sonora. For this purpose he raised a company of four hundred men, and being well provisioned and equipped, set out for their field of enterprise and toil. Scarcely, however, had they commenced operations, when a difficulty arose between the miners and the civil authorities, and the result was an engagement with the Mexican forces under General Blanco, in which the count was triumphantly successful. Filled with enthusiasm on account of this victory, the count and his associates at once conceived the idea of conquest—a few skirmishes and they were in possession of the State. They now marched southward, attacked Mazatlan, one of the chief seaports, took it without a struggle, and seemed to threaten the whole country. But formidable difficulties of another kind soon surrounded the rebels, and they were at length glad to capitulate. The count received \$11,000 to evacuate the country and take his men to San Francisco, and the Mexicans rejoiced at so fortunate a termination of the difficulty. After a few months the

count was allowed to return to Mexico, and was soon busy in getting up an expedition ostensibly for the protection of Durango, but really, no doubt, to cooperate with filibustering parties in California, of whose existence something now began to be whispered. These thickening rumors of an invasion soon began to assume a definite shape in the form of suspicions that a certain little brig, *Arrow* by name, lying in San Francisco harbor, was being fitted out for the purpose. An arrival of November 10th, 1853, brought to our ears the news that the *Arrow* was seized by the authorities of the State, and that the seizure was warmly contested by Colonel William Walker, on the ground that their destination was for the mines, the extreme richness and value of which had been presented as the chief inducement to enlist in the expedition. Pending the difficulty of the seizure, the parties who chartered the *Arrow* managed to get away in the brig *Caroline*.

It was on the morning of the 17th of October when they set sail on this wild adventure, the whole command consisting of two hundred men, and a banner floating above them, glittering with two stars, signifying Lower California and Sonora, which they wildly dreamed of adding to the galaxy of the American Confederation. Sailing down the coast, the *Caroline* reached in safety the most southerly point of the peninsula, known as Cape St. Lucas, where, of course, she must enter the gulf and return northward to Sonora. But, either fearing to proceed direct to Sonora or distressed by the weather, they determined to land on the cape, which they did on the 28th of October. On the 3d of November they reached La Paz. Here a party of forty-five men were landed under the command of Lieutenant Gilman, for the purpose of getting wood. When this party were about to return to the vessel, they were fired upon by a large company of citizens. This fire was returned by Gilman's company, and by the ordnance of the vessel. Colonel Walker now landed with an additional force of thirty men, and the fight became general. After a battle of about an hour and a half, La Paz was taken, and Espinoza its governor made prisoner. They remained at La Paz until November 6th, during which time Revollo, who was sent out to supersede Espinoza, arrived and was

also taken prisoner. Having now possession of the place and two governors in fetters, a complete government with its full share of officers was forthwith announced, and proclamations issued in which the intentions of the invaders were made known, and protection, &c., promised to the people, signed "William Walker, Colonel and President of Lower California." Many of the richest ranchos were reported as having given in their adhesion to the new government, and if dispatches were true, all things betokened the speedy success of the filibusters.

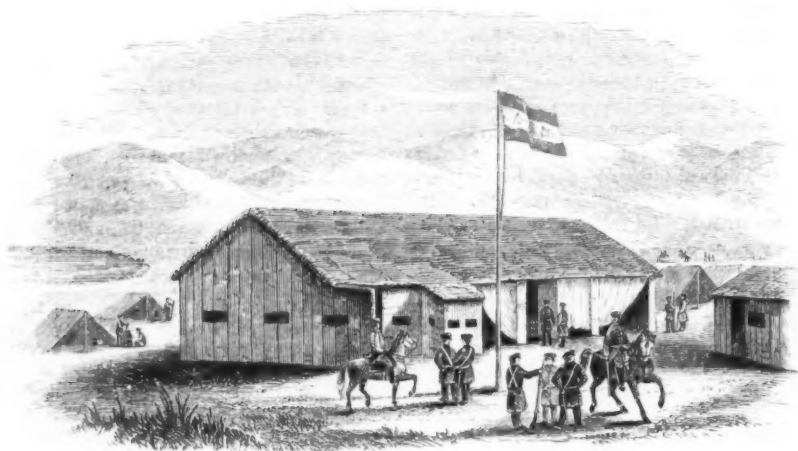
But notwithstanding all this, it was thought proper to evacuate La Paz, and retreat toward Cape St. Lucas. After various maneuvers, Colonel Walker finally fixed his head quarters at "Esenada des todas Santos," (the Bay of All Saints,) or as we call it for the sake of brevity, "Ensenada." This spot received from Walker the name of "Fort McKibbin," in honor of a favorite young officer who was killed in one of the forays which Walker had got up, or allowed for the sake of keeping his soldiers employed and obtaining provisions.

California, in the mean time, was studiously filled with reports of the richness of the gold mines of that region—with large stories of the wonderful success of Walker and his fellow adventurers—and it was generally understood that the people of Sonora would hail an expedition that would in any way relieve them from the attacks of the Apache Indians, and prepare them for being engrafted upon the wide-spreading vine of North American republicanism. Filled as that country was with restless spirits—having no ties of home or business—many of them already looking wistfully toward Amazon, these stories naturally produced the most intense excitement, so that by the 1st of December the steamer *Sea Bird*, which runs from San Francisco to San Diego, looked like a bee-hive, so full was she of men bound down the coast.

On the 12th of December, the Southerner arrived at San Francisco, with news of the capture of La Paz, of an attack upon the rancho La Grulla, various encounters with the military leader Negrete, and the famous robber chieftain, Melendrez, and the city was of course in a flame. Between nine and twelve o'clock of the very night on which this intelligence ar-

rived, one hundred and fifty men went on board the *Anita*, a little brig of two hundred and thirty-five tons' burden, and were towed five miles out by the steamer *Thomas Hunt*; then being unmoored, they set sail with a favorable breeze for the land which their visions had presented as replete with glory and with gold. Among this one hundred and fifty adventurers was a youthful friend of our own, who had unfortunately been enticed into the expedition. Let him tell his own story:—

"On the 12th of December last, about ten o'clock in the evening, I found myself on board the bark *Anita*, with a valise, two blankets, six shooting rifles, Colt's revolver and bowie knife, with about one hundred and fifty others similarly armed and equipped, bound for *Ensenada des todas Santos*, Lower California, where Colonel Walker was supposed to be. After some little excitement, the lines were cast off, and we were towed out of the heads and over the bar by the steamer *Thomas Hunt*. Here she left us; but in doing so she tore away the best part of the port bulwarks. A stiff breeze was blowing, and I beheld a scene the like of which I never before witnessed, and which, under the same circumstances, I would fain never again be compelled to witness. Almost all on board were more or less drunk, and for the management of the craft there were but two available hands—at least belonging to her—the captain and mate. In consequence of the loss of her bulwarks, the sea washed the deck fore and aft, and the greater part of the stores being on deck, and but poorly secured, with every roll casks, barrels, and boxes would slide about, rendering one's footing rather precarious. In the steerage, the quarters for the men, were several thousand pounds of gunpowder, and yet the men were going about in the most careless manner with lighted segars, pipes, and candles. After awhile the blow increased to a pretty good storm, tearing the foretopsail and jib into ribbons, as there were not sober hands enough to furl them. Two or three times the captain had to leave the wheel, when the vessel would at once broach to, and the sober among us began to think we were booked for 'the other side of Jordan.' Just at this moment some one raised the cry that the vessel was filling, and the alarm became general and uncontrollable. I went below to examine, and the first sight seemed to confirm the awful cry, but a closer inspection soon relieved my fears. She was a small vessel and very flat-bottomed, so that between the steerage deck and the keelson there was a space of only about three feet. Some water which had been shipped was rolling about between her lining and outside, and its coming through the cracks originated the idea that the vessel was filling. Having calmed my own fears, I came on deck to satisfy others, when the bark gave an awful lurch, and overboard went about twenty barrels, carrying with them two or three men, many others narrowly escaping. We could do nothing amid the gale to save the poor fellows, even had it been calm and in the



FORT M'KIBBIN.

daytime, our boats having been previously washed away. The confusion now reached its height; some required the captain to run the vessel ashore, others swore they would shoot him for venturing out in so unsafe a craft; some insisted upon his return, others were equally determined he should go ahead; some had their revolvers all ready to do the murder, but were prevented by others, and between them all our poor commander had anything but a merry time of it. No change for the worse appearing, the tumult gradually subsided, liquor or seasickness soon overcame the most of them, and the decks were nearly deserted. Before daylight I turned in and slept soundly until late in the morning.

"The next time I made my appearance the sun was shining brightly, and the bark was cheerily sailing on her course, damages were repaired as well as possible, and for the rest of the voyage the weather was all that could be wished. Nothing occurred worthy of note excepting at meal times, which came with great regularity, that is the *times* not the *meals*. The cooking accommodations were wretched, and wholly insufficient for so large a number of men; not one-third the necessary quantity could be cooked, so that many could get but little and some none at all of the cooked provisions. Myself and others made many hearty meals on ship-bread and raw pork or mackerel. This, however, lasted but a little while, for on Saturday we anchored our bark at the Ensenada, and thus ended our troubles, at least by sea."

The Bay of All Saints is situated about one hundred and twenty miles from San Diego, and about one hundred from the American frontier. The head-quarters of Colonel Walker are a large *adobe* building—until his advent occupied by a Mexican family, which he dispossessed. The President's quarters are to be seen on the right of the cut, in the main build-

ing, where the curtain which protects its front is partially withdrawn; and our friend who writes us had his tabernacle in the booth next to the main building, and still further to the right. Now that our voyagers of the Anita have got safely ashore and are fairly ensconced in their new quarters, we will let our friend, who is henceforth to be honored with the *soubriquet* of corporal, tell his own story:—

"The first day after our arrival, a party of eighty men were sent to capture San Tomas, a place about thirty miles distant. Notwithstanding my strong desire to be of the party, I was required to stay in camp. They took with them a field-piece which Walker had taken from Melendrez, and started expecting at least a skirmish; but, on arriving at the place they found it deserted. They valorously took the town without the loss of a single man, and returned in triumph to the camp. They brought as the prisoners and trophies of war a large number of cattle and sheep, and also a wagon which they took from the neighboring rancho La Grulla. Now, be it known to you, this same San Tomas was an immense town of about the size of the City Hall Park, New-York. A few days afterward, Walker sent a company to La Grulla, which stayed there until about the time I left the Ensenada."

The corporal and many of his companions soon began to be undeceived as to the nature and objects, and indeed prospects of the expedition. Their eyes were first opened by a decree in reference to the wages of officers and men. It stated they were to be paid in Sonora scrip, in sums of from \$12 to \$4 per day, depending on their rank. Our young friend, too

nurtured in the Sabbath school, and the object of solicitude to pious parents from his very birth, felt incensed at the injustice and cruelty heaped upon the neighboring rancheros, and the conclusion was fast settling upon his and other minds, that the expedition had but one object, viz.: to enrich certain capitalists, and satisfy the ambition of William Walker, Colonel and President.

"Provisions, moreover, soon began to be scarce, and," says our correspondent, "in a little while we had nothing but corn and cattle. Our bread (ship biscuit) lasted but the first two or three weeks, and everything else soon followed 'en suite.' At last we buckled to the beef and corn, and out of these two articles made quite a variety of dishes. Fried beef for breakfast, stewed beef for dinner, boiled beef for supper, burnt corn for coffee, parched corn for bread, ground parched corn made excellent 'flap jacks,' and parched corn with some boiled sugar poured over it made first-rate candy. Then there were other dishes made by the combination of beef and corn, for which we had no names, and some which deserved none, but any how they went down; and the principal occupation of the camp from sunrise to sunset was cooking beef and corn and corn and beef. The officers, however, having been caught regaling themselves on soft bread while the men had none—somebody or bodies, to the officers unknown, varied the monotony of the camp by secretly tearing down the oven."

Sick of the whole affair, our friend with some others determined to leave; accordingly he called on Walker and demanded his discharge. This was declined, and an attempt was made to cajole him out of his design. He was told what an invaluable man he was, &c.; but it was in vain, and he persisted in asking his discharge. The colonel now positively refused it, and the corporal, wearied with his new honors, frankly told him he would be under the necessity of taking his discharge if it were not granted him. Walker now resorted to threats, reminded him that if he deserted the penalty was death, &c., and sent him to his quarters, resolved, as he says, in his own mind, "to go further." During the latter part of this forenoon much talk and excitement existed in one of the companies, in consequence of a number of horses having been taken from them the day previous, to which they believed themselves entitled, and many were threatening to leave. Walker hearing this, and fearing that the dissatisfaction might spread, caused the battalion to be mustered, and at one o'clock made "a really eloquent address" to them, con-

cluding by telling those who wished to leave they were at liberty to do so at any time within two hours; while such as were willing to stay must swear eternal fidelity to himself and the bi-starred banner—pointing them through the mists of the future to a time "when the two stars should float in triumph on the walls of Guaymas." The corporal thought this was looking rather far into futurity, and as several others were of the same mind, they were soon on their way for San Francisco.

"Before I left," says our friend, "I was notified that I must leave my rifle. I objected to this in vain, and at last surrendered it, first, however, clandestinely taking out the sight and removing the screw which held on the lock; so that I do not expect they are much richer for the robbery. Some of my companions were less willing to submit to this exaction, and there was for a while danger of bloodshed—but at last the weapons were mostly surrendered, but in *poor* condition. It was about half-past three in the afternoon, when 'shaking the dust off from our feet,' we counted noses and found we numbered just forty-three. We shaped our course for San Diego, which we reached in four days. Here I sold my revolver, which put me in funds again, and the Golden Gate being in harbor, I at once went on board, and in four days and a half was here again in the old place."

We need not follow this impious and reckless expedition to Sonora any further. The arrivals up to this date only confirm the wisdom of those who at this early hour returned to their own country. The whole history reveals clearly that filibustering is no romance; and the hope of the writer is, that some adventurous youth, panting for a share in similar exploits, may be led hereby to pause before he shall put in jeopardy health, life, his own welfare and happiness—and that, it may be, of fond parents or a beloved family: that he shall ponder well the moral aspects of such a business, and see to it that his conduct will not bring upon him the wrath of an Almighty God.

HOW TO BUILD A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

RULES FOR IT.

OUR series of papers on "The Preaching Required by the Times" was concluded in our May number. We do not intend to resume it, but we venture to add some suggestions on a topic which was discussed with some emphasis in the last article of the series, viz., *Extempore Preaching*.

There are occasions on which sermons written out and read, or delivered *memoriter*, may be admissible; but they are few, and the speaker ought always to be commiserated for the inconvenience of a task so irksome and so incompatible with that spontaneous play of thought and emotion which is absolutely necessary to true eloquence. Though admissible, we would not say this course is necessary, even on such occasions. The most important efforts of oratory have been extempore. The classic orators spoke without manuscripts; their preserved orations, as we have shown, were mostly written after delivery. The greatest orators of the British senate did the same; and if we must except a few, like Burke, it will be found that they were not so much eloquent speakers as elegant writers. The energetic and Greek-like eloquence of the American revolution was also extemporaneous. Occasions the most important and the most appalling, involving the fate of states, and presenting the most formidable contrasts of parties and speakers, have been met and triumphantly controlled in extemporaneous discourse; the speakers preferring to be unembarrassed by the particularities of verbal preparation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the highest kind of eloquence can be otherwise attained; it is true, at least, that all the great masters of the art, Demosthenes and Cicero, Mirabeau and Chatham, Grattan and Curran, Henry and Webster, Whitefield and Hall, have been mostly "extemporizers." There is, we admit, a species of dramatic eloquence, the eloquence of great actors on the stage, and of the French pulpit in the age of Louis XIV., which may be referred to as an exception. We would not, however, allow it to be even an exception. On the stage, it is generally but poetical recitation; and in the French pulpit it was a similar recitation of poetical prose. Poetry and eloquence are quite distinct, though often practically confounded.

If the highest efforts of public speaking have been extempore, it is certainly to be presumed that the efforts of ordinary occasions can be.

Observing men, who may have little practice in an art which requires genius, are sometimes better judges of the principles of that art than are its practical proficient; the latter are beguiled in their judgments by the facilities—the ready intuitions of genius. Genius acts instinctively, and seldom observes the process of its own operations. Hence good poets are seldom good critics; and genuine orators have seldom accurately defined their art. Goldsmith, who knew nothing of it from practice, but much from observation, has given us perhaps one of the best definitions. He says: "A man may be called eloquent who transfers the passions or sentiments with which he is moved into the breast of another." Again: "In a word, to *feel your subject* thoroughly, and to *speak without fear*, are the only rules of eloquence properly so called." He is more explicit in another passage: "Be convinced of the truth of the subject, be perfectly acquainted with the object in view, prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and *do the rest extempore*. By this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true style, will naturally ensue." Every successful "extemporizer" will give to the second passage the authority of an axiom. It may be stated as a fundamental, an all-comprehensive rule in eloquence—*feel and be fearless*. The third quotation is but an expansion of the second, with one very defective clause; it is not necessary, in order to "speak without fear," that the speaker should "prepossess himself with a low opinion of his audience;" far otherwise. The importance of his subject, the pre-eminence of higher considerations and motives, (especially in the preacher,) and the consciousness of competent preparation, will lift him above the influence of fear much more effectually than an impression which, in most cases, must be fictitious, and in all should be ungrateful to an elevated mind.

But how command this frame of mind—"feeling and fearless?" That is the question.

The advocate of notes proposes to protect himself by their aid from fear and embarrassment. This he may do to some extent, but almost invariably at the

expense of the other condition—"feeling." The minute verbal labor of the preparation, and the mechanical mannerisms of the delivery of manuscript sermons, can scarcely fail to impair the freshness and impetus of thought. The preacher may be didactic and instructive, but he can rarely be eloquent. This method may suit the professor's chair or the lyceum desk; but it is at variance with the spirit and intent of the pulpit. The people might as well read for themselves; they may find better sermons in their libraries. The pulpit ought to be didactic; but it ought to be more—it should be the fountain of *religious sympathies*, as well as religious instruction; it was designed to keep alive the spirit as well as the truth of Christianity in the world, and for this reason no proficiency of the people in Scriptural knowledge can supersede its appointed instrumentality. Preaching is not an adventitious appliance of Christianity, nor would we make it out a sacrament; yet it stands next to the eucharist and baptism—the *third great institution* of our religion, having as much authority and speciality as the sacraments; and were the Bible in every man's hand, still would it stand a high ordinance of God, a source of vivification and impulse to the Church, until the end of the world. *This is the main purport of the pulpit*—if not, then the press or the religious academy can supersede it. How can we reconcile with such views that cold and lifeless retail of religious truth from a manuscript, which is misnamed preaching? As we have heretofore remarked, it seems hardly less than ludicrous, to imagine Christ on the mount, Peter on the day of Pentecost, or Paul on Mars Hill, *reading a manuscript*.

How would this pulpit custom look, even at the bar, or in the senate?

If, then, the advocate of manuscripts can prevent by them embarrassment or fear, (which is not unqualifiedly the case,) still he loses an advantage infinitely more important than the one he gains.

The alleged advantage is, we believe, the main design of the use of manuscripts in preaching. It is not that the discourse may be more exact, more compact. It is doubted whether this is desirable for popular assemblies; and extemporaneous discourse, with suitable preparation, will admit of the most consecutive thought. There are other and better re-

liefs from embarrassment, which we shall soon consider. Meanwhile, it may be remarked, that it is no serious reason for discouragement, especially to the young speaker. Animal courage seldom coexists with strong susceptibilities of the imagination or the heart. Few great captains have been eloquent. Few distinguished poets or orators have shown much bravery. Cicero declares that he always trembled before addressing an assembly. Demosthenes showed himself a coward, and Whitefield confessed himself one. Of all qualities, animal courage is the least allied to other excellencies; and it will be observed that of all public speakers, those braggadocios, who fear nothing, have generally the least of that sensibility which frequently makes a trembling man a son of thunder or an angel of consolation. Diffidence in the early career of a public speaker is therefore a good sign. It denotes sensibility; and without sensibility there is no eloquence. In time, it may be sufficiently subdued to have all its advantages without its disadvantages. And it will always have the one advantage mentioned by a classic and accomplished lawyer, the younger Pliny,—“A confusion and concern in the countenance of a speaker casts a grace upon all that he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assumed self-sufficient air of confidence.”

Our remarks thus far apply particularly to sermons entirely written. We object less, but yet strongly, to the use of briefs *in the pulpit*. We can conceive of no reason for it except indolence or imbecility. It is habit, at first indulged, but at last fixed. Can it be supposed that a brief sketch, seldom occupying more than a letter-page, can be noted down and then studied, revolved, expanded in the mind, and yet not be sufficiently impressed on the *memory* to allow the speaker to dispense with his notes? If not, we cannot conceive how such imbecility of memory can coexist with the other mental qualifications which are deemed necessary for the Christian ministry. We know men of the weakest memories for verbal details, who, nevertheless, can study out sermons requiring an hour, or an hour and a half in delivery, so as to recall with accuracy every division, subdivision, illustration, and reference. We repeat, it is

habit that leads to the necessity of briefs in the pulpit. The speaker who uses them fixes not in his mind the capital ideas as centers of association for the subordinate thoughts; but, on the contrary, stores his memory with the filling up, and then refers to his manuscript for the leading propositions. This course is contrary to the very philosophy of association, and must cost more labor than the opposite method—not to speak of the interruption of thought and feeling occasioned by such references. Let the speaker go into the pulpit with his subject, in its length and breadth, printed on his memory; let him see “through and through” it clearly; let him feel that nothing remains to be done but to deliver his distinct and glowing impressions, and will he not have more self-possession and more buoyant freedom than if he enters it with that vagueness of mind which requires the aid of a manuscript? But what if he is inexperienced, or weak of nerve, and becomes embarrassed, and “forgets his place”—what then? Why, let him stumble along, and say “Amen” as soon as he can. He will much sooner overcome such a liability, by so doing, than by trusting to his notes. A child learns to walk more readily by its own awkward movements than by mechanical supports.

We have mentioned that the chief design of notes is the prevention of embarrassment, and the vagueness which is usually its consequence, and have said that there are other and better preventives. The rule quoted from Goldsmith omits the most important one which applies to the pulpit, viz., the spiritual support which is pledged to the devoted minister. This thought is usually dispatched with little remark, as presupposed, but we would emphasize it. It is a vast consideration; it is not enough pondered by God’s ministers. We have frequently been astonished at the slight moral courage of many who have read the promise a thousand times, and who ought to carry it in their hearts into the pulpit, like an impulse from “the third heaven:”—“*I will be with you even unto the end.*” Blessed is this sentence. Every word is emphatical. “I”—who? He who is God over all, and blessed for evermore; “will be,” it is positive; with whom? “with you;” “even,” it is emphatical; “unto the end,” it is definite. And now with such a promise, and with a special commission from heaven for his work, and

with all the motives of eternity stirring his spirit, ought it to be expected that the minister of Christ should quail and cower? He may well tremble under his responsibility, but he should be the last to fear the face of man. We have already admitted that he may in his early efforts be diffident, and that it is not a bad indication for him to be so, but we contend that he can, and ought to overcome this inconvenience, without a resort to notes. It is an evil which ought to be corrected—an enemy that ought to be fought down; but let it be conquered, not by skulking under shelter, but sword in hand.

Again, one of the most important remedies of this difficulty is competent preparation. We have been a little curious to learn the various modes of preparation among preachers, and are astonished at their diversity. Some we have found who never put pen to paper for the pulpit. This certainly is not right. If it were possible to study a subject, and to retain it in the mind thoroughly, for the time being, without a record, still it must be committed to paper, or be unavailable for the future. They who eschew notes in the study are not usually overburdened with ideas in the pulpit. The indolence and negligence of such are inexcusable. We never knew any one profound or accurate, who followed this course.

A second class go to the opposite extreme, writing their sermons in *extenso*, and preaching them *memoriter*. There are many objections to this course. It consumes too much time. Few faithful pastors can find leisure from more important duties for the composition and memorizing of two sermons per week. It will be almost invariably found that these sermon writers are poor pastors, not only neglecting their pastoral duties, but rendered unsociable, reserved, if not morose, by their sedentary and laborious habits. Extemporaneous preachers ought to write much, not only to preserve their thoughts, but to counteract a tendency to versatility and verbosity—a tendency which will always beset them—but they had better write their sermons after than before delivery. They should be habitual writers, also, on subjects not peculiar to their profession. Some of the most eloquent speakers have been among the most vigorous writers; Cicero is an instance from the bar, and Hall from the pulpit—yet it was

in spite of their oratorical habits and by the closest discipline. Again, sermons delivered *memoriter* lose their freshness and power. Few are the men who can vivify a stale and memorized discourse, and those who can, could, with suitable practice, be much more effective in extemporaneous delivery. There is no eloquence more commanding and sublime than that of the extemporaneous speaker, who, with a mastery of his subject, with the strenuous action of all his faculties, and the full play of his feelings, stands before his audience unshackled by preconceived details of thought and language.

There are others who write out their discourses, but do not deliver them *verbatim*—retaining in mind the general train of thought, and using the language only so far as it can be readily recollected. This appears to us an unfavorable method, for if the speaker is somewhat embarrassed he will endeavor to call up his language to his assistance, and not being able to do it, will become the more perplexed; and if he should not be embarrassed, he will be able to speak without such verbal preparation. In the one case, it is an evil; in the other superfluous.

There are other wrong modes of preparation, which need not be enumerated; let us seek the right one.

By extemporaneous we need not say we have not meant unpremeditated discourse, but unwritten. *The most thorough study is requisite for success to an extemporaneous speaker.* What is the best mode of preparation for him? This is the question. We pretend not to answer it fully, but will submit a few suggestions on the subject. A direct answer should include the *selection, arrangement, and elaboration* of subjects; a more comprehensive one would take in that prior mental discipline and training in elocution which we at present presuppose.

In regard to the *selection and arrangement* of subjects, there are two modes—the textual and the topical. Both are common; but some clergymen use almost exclusively the former. In their ordinary reading of the Scriptures, they select a striking or apposite text, and form their divisions upon its different clauses. There is a kind of expository preaching, and there are some individual texts in respect to which this plan is good—sometimes admirable; but in most cases it

is obviously not the best. A text includes frequently as many distinct topics as it does clauses, and all *unity* must be put at defiance by adjusting the divisions of the sermon to those of the passage. We would not stickle too much for a rigorous use of critical rules in addressing popular assemblies; still they are to be respected, for they are not adventitious; they are founded in the constitution of the human mind, and prescribe the best mode of addressing it—and the pulpit should always use the best.

It is not a little amusing to observe with what mechanical regularity some “textualists” lay down their “first,” “secondly,” and “thirdly,” (most generally the *object*, the *means*, and the *motives*), and finally “taper off” with a well-assorted series of “conclusions,” sacrificing all unity of subject for uniformity of method. Unity is one of the highest rhetorical excellences of a sermon. The discourse is better remembered than when composed of unrelated or slightly related parts. One leading truth distinctively and exclusively presented, can be better appreciated by the judgment of the hearer than many of questionable relation. A single truth, especially if a weighty one, (and what truth of religion is not?) illustrated, placed in different lights, argued and enforced throughout a discourse, will make a profounder impression on the conscience of the hearer than a variety, discursively treated. There is sometimes much execution done by a scattering fire; still it is never so sure as that which is well-directed.

A further objection to this textual method is, that the stated preacher especially requires a more economical distribution of his resources, or he will soon find himself exhausted, and under the necessity of repeating in substance his old outlines.

The topical mode of selecting and arranging subjects is that in which the preacher first determines his theme or *topic*, and afterward selects a text suitable for it. For instance, he chooses the subject of “religious zeal,” and he can take for his text, “It is good to be zealously affected in a good cause.” Repentance, faith, holiness, perseverance, apostasy, &c., &c., are examples of topics for which appropriate texts may be found after the discourse is completely studied. Such a discourse may consist of divisions and subdivisions framed upon the different

aspects of the topic, or of a simple series of arguments or illustrations on one of its aspects; the latter being always preferable, as admitting more closeness and more economy of thought. Having prepared his sermon in reference only to the topic, he can apply the text to it so far as it is applicable, without digressing into collateral clauses. Most of the sermons of Chalmers are specimens, while the skeletons of Simeon are examples of the textual method. As the advantages of this mode are the converse of the disadvantages of the other, they need not be discussed. Its simplicity, unity, energy, and economy are manifest.

We have blended the subjects of selection and arrangement for the sake of brevity. Another point remains, viz., the *elaboration* of the discourse, or that study which should follow the preparation of the "sketch"—the filling up of the outline. We have several brief observations to make respecting it.

First. The filling up, though general, should be so complete that the speaker can see through the *entire* perspective of the discourse. We do not mean that the *whole* discourse should be prepared—but that the *different propositions should be connected by leading and well-related thoughts*. An extemporaneous speaker should not go into the pulpit (except in emergencies) without such a *clue*. These connecting thoughts may be general enough to admit of abundant extemporaneous additions—three or four in a dozen words, between each proposition, might suffice—but they should always be thoroughly studied and invariably noted in their place on the manuscript. We consider this an indispensable rule. Many sermonizers merely sketch their "divisions," and trust to the occasion for the intermediate train of thought: such are never safe. If embarrassment or temporary lassitude should overtake them, they may state their well-wrought positions only to bring into greater contrast a meager, spiritless filling up. Next to divine aid, this rule is perhaps the best guarantee against embarrassment. It gives the speaker a degree of confidence in his subject, which few embarrassing circumstances can disconcert. Whatever may be his lack of vivacity or fertility when he enters the pulpit, he feels assured that he has provided a stock of solid and instructive thought,

which cannot but be received with profit and respect by his hearers; there is little danger of confusion, therefore; not so will he discourse as one who beats the air. We know of successful extemporizers who consider this the prime human security in the pulpit.

Second. Not only would we have a somewhat consecutive train of thought, between the propositions, *sketched down*, but it is desirable that some specially good thoughts, some apt or striking illustrations adapted to throw a strong light on the subject, and to arrest the attention of the audience, should be noted—some illustrative quotation of Scripture or apposite passage of poetry—which will strike the mind as appropriate and even beautiful. Let not such a course be pronounced factitious or meretricious. We demand such preparation of the political or literary orator; and is the gospel of the grace of God less worthy? No speaker who wishes to make a forcible and vivid impression will neglect it. We do not recommend that such passages, when original, be prepared in their verbal dress; in this respect they should be extemporaneous—but let them be *noted*. The abbreviations given by Gregory of the concluding passages of Robert Hall's celebrated sermon on "Sentiments suitable to the Times," are fine examples. William Pitt pronounced the last five pages of that discourse more eloquent than anything else on record. The language was extemporaneous, yet those overwhelming apostrophes were well studied.

Third. After thus thoroughly preparing the discourse, the next step is to commit its outlines well to memory. The more it is labored, the more readily can it be memorized; in most cases the two processes are coincident. Those who depend upon manuscripts in the pulpit, cannot be aware of the facility of memorizing after such preparation.

Fourth. There is, besides memorizing, a species of reviewing practised by most, perhaps all extemporaneous speakers, which may be called *ruminating*. "I never," said Bolton, "have preached a sermon to my people which I did not first preach to myself." This premeditating process is all important in extemporaneous discourse; for by it the speaker not only refreshes his memory, but excites his thoughts, and kindles his feelings. Com-

bined with an ardent spirit of prayer and a close self-application of the subject, it becomes a most intense and hallowing exercise. There are two important rules respecting it, which are transgressed perhaps by most preachers. One is, that it should be an exercise entirely of *meditation* not of *delivery*. The speaker should review and expand his thoughts, but not try to clothe them in language. He will find himself always tending to this latter point, but should obstinately avoid it; because appropriate language will occur to him in the pulpit, if his thoughts are clear and vivid. If he gives them a premeditated dress, he will probably not be able to recall them fully, unless he can also recall the language. It is frequently embarrassing to depend upon premeditated but unwritten language; the difficulty here is like that of the *memoriter* preacher whose manuscript is not well committed, and whose ineffectual efforts to recall his language are more perplexing than would be the task of originating it extemporaneously.

The other rule is, that it should never be exercised much immediately before preaching—only so far as to reassure the memory. The fatigue and agitation of mind occasioned by laborious and anxious revision, just before entering the pulpit, must in most cases impair its buoyant play. Let there be, therefore, a full interval of repose between the time of revision and that of speaking. It is said of Rowland Hill, that he usually indulged in mental relaxation before entering the desk, and frequently when called from his study to attend the service, he was found exercising his mechanical taste by taking apart and recomposing the machinery of a clock or watch.

We might enlarge much on these points, but our limits require brevity. The few rules we have illustrated have been learned from a number of the best judges. Various minds require various methods; yet these few and simple principles are, we think, of universal and essential application. They are mostly practical axioms. We believe that no one who thoroughly adopts them will find it necessary or desirable to trammel himself in the pulpit with manuscripts.

After all, the great reform requisite in the pulpit is, we think, that which we have described in our late articles—do

away the factitious mannerisms of preaching—its technical and professional formalism—restore it to its primitive directness and simplicity, so that the people will resort to it not as to a literary prelection, and the preacher himself will not attempt, in it, an intellectual exhibition, but in singleness and intentness of mind will admonish, counsel, and instruct his people, weeping with those that weep, rejoicing with those that rejoice—do this and you reform it at once in all other respects—its elaborateness, its stiff unnatural dignity, its “notes,” and its notable feebleness would vanish; it would become more instructive to the popular mind as well as more genial and more powerful.

[For the National Magazine.]

LET ME REST.

“LET me rest!”

It was the voice of one
Whose life-long labors were but just begun.
With genial radiance shone his morning sun;
The lark sprang up rejoicing from its nest,

To warble praises in its Maker's ear;
The fields were clad in flower-enamel'd vest,
An air of balm and sunshine clear

Were there to cheer

That yet unwearied pilgrim; but his breast
Was harrow'd by a strange, foreboding fear;
Deeming the time to come, at best,
But weariness, he murmur'd, “Let me rest!”

Inglorious rest!

Why should intrepid youth
Seek refuge from life's manly toils so soon?
Why would he shun the fervid heat of noon?
His course is onward to the land of truth,

Through many a lonely, many a dangerous
way;

And he to reach that blessed land, forsooth
Must bear the heat and burden of the day,
Its noontide ray;

The storms that gather o'er the pilgrim's head,
The sorrows which do wake or break the heart;
When these have fled,

And age comes stealing on with stealthy tread,
He may depart,
And be at rest.

O let me rest,

But not at morning's hour;
Nor yet when clouds above my pathway lower;
Let me bear up against affliction's power,
Till life's red sun has sought its quiet rest,

Till o'er me comes the silent, solemn night;
Then having pass'd the portals of the blest,
I may repose upon the Infinite;

And words of light
Will form my epitaph, that men may read
Of one who lived and labor'd for the right,

And, dying, gain'd the meed
Of just reward, express'd

In simplest words of truth,
“He is at rest!”

E. E. EDWARDS.

THE YOUNG AUTHORESS.

"CLARA, dear, just look down the street, and try if you can see the postman."

"No, sister; not yet. Wait, there he is at Mrs. Watson's door."

"O! Clara, if he should bring no letter for me. How my heart beats? I wish he would make haste."

The postman came leisurely on, never dreaming or caring that his packet of epistles bore along with it the weal or woe of some hundreds of expectant human hearts. He lingered at Mrs. Kenworthy's door to joke with the maid, teased a little dog that rushed out to bark at its daily tormentor, hailed a friend in the street, and altogether behaved in a way which, though natural enough in a country postman, was calculated to drive those whose very existence perhaps depended on the tidings he brought nearly wild with suspense and anxiety.

Of the number of these was Harriet Lee, whom our friend Clara had addressed as "sister." Unable to wait any longer, she descended the steps, and ran out into the street, careless of the fact that she had on neither bonnet nor shawl to conceal her bright hair and well-saved dress from the scrutiny of the passers-by. She soon returned, breathless and trembling, and laid two large packets on the table, not yet having gained courage to break the seals.

"O, Harriet, what are those?" exclaimed Clara, jumping up from her drawing, and running to her. "Surely not the return of all your nice pieces."

"I fear so, Clara, instead of the money I expected for them; and we have not a shilling in the house. O! Clara, dear, never, never attempt to follow in my steps, and depend for a livelihood upon writing for the periodicals. Better be a common sempstress all your days."

The packets, when opened, contained, in fact, a number of returned "articles," though the mortification of the young authoress was in one case softened by the editor's friendly intimation, that he was compelled to return them on account of the magazine for which they were intended passing into other hands.

"Then he would have retained them but for that," said Clara, exultingly.

"Perhaps so," replied Harriet. "But

that does not alter our position. We *must* pay our weekly rent to-morrow, and I cannot borrow of any one here. I dare not ask Mr. Willoughby for another advance on the translations he has of mine; and meanwhile, even if our landlady be indulgent, and consent to wait, we are in danger of starving. Never, surely, were two poor girls so situated, without a friend to assist them."

"Be comforted, sister. It is not like you to despond. We have hands, and we can work; and, if you will allow me, I will immediately go to Mrs. Watson, and ask her to give us her plain sewing."

"Are you serious, Clara? Do you not feel timid about it? And you are so shabby, my poor little sister!"

"Yes," said Clara, sadly, looking down on her faded gingham. "I know I am not very fit for a lady's drawing-room. But so much the more reason that I should get something to do at once. It is of no use waiting until I am qualified for a daily governess. And drawing brings in very little. Those screens that I painted, sister, you know Hanson has them yet on hand. He says there is no demand for such things."

"Not in a town like this, Clara. I often wish we were in London, only it must be very miserable for two young females to be alone in so large a place."

"But if we wished ever so much to go there, Harriet, we have not money for the journey."

"True. Follow your own suggestion, then, Clara, dear, and, as a beginning of humbler but more certain employment, let us secure Mrs. Watson's plain sewing. Other employment may turn up afterward."

Mrs. Watson was a good-natured, though somewhat ostentatious woman, with a liberal husband, and a large family of small children. The little Watsons contrived to keep their mother and two nurses constantly engaged in looking after them, so that all the sewing was done out. Harriet and Clara were aware of this, for Mrs. Watson's extravagance was a favorite theme with her neighbors, and many exaggerated tales were told of the sums yearly paid to the linendraper, the baby-linen warehouse, the sempstress, and the dressmaker. Though not above half of these tales were to be believed, still it was very certain that Mrs. Watson's plain

sewing would amount to no inconsiderable sum per annum. And Clara Lee evinced her usual plain good sense in determining, if possible, to secure it. She had, besides, a latent hope that Mrs. Watson might possibly employ her as a dayly governess, as soon as she thought any of her little ones old enough to require one. At present, they were educated entirely by Mrs. Watson herself, who, in this respect, certainly gave the lie to the popular reports of her extravagance.

"Well, Clara," said Harriet, on the return of the former from her expedition, "how have you succeeded? Did Mrs. Watson overpower you with her kind condolences?"

"Rather, sister; but I had made up my mind not to care for trifles. I have succeeded even better than I could have expected. Look!" And Clara drew a large parcel from beneath her shawl. "Here are two sets of little nightgowns. They are to be made very neat, after the inclosed pattern, and edged with crochet-work, and we are to let her have them in a fortnight."

"Well done, brave Clara. I will put aside this unprofitable scribbling, though I had a capital idea while you were out, and wrote four pages of a new article. But now we will stitch our fingers to the bone; won't we, Clara? You, dear, had better begin on the crochet-edging, for you know I am but a bungler at fancy-work. We must manage to complete our order within the fortnight. How much do you think it will come to, Clara?"

The first day the sisters felt their new occupation, from want of use, extremely fatiguing. Their backs ached, and their fingers became sore; but the hope of placing themselves above the grinding poverty that had lately been their portion supported them through these comparatively trifling inconveniences. As they sewed, they consulted together how to persuade their landlady, who was a very sharp woman, to wait another week for the rent of their two small rooms.

"Have we nothing we can offer her as security?" asked Clara, who, as our readers will have perceived, had a very business-like turn of mind. "There is the ring," she added, softly, after a short pause; "the ring our poor mother gave me before she died."

"And papa's miniature, presented to

me at the same time," added Harriet, beneath her breath.

"But you would not like to part with that, Harriet."

"Nor you with your ring."

"Still a ring, however dear from associations, is not like a miniature."

"Well, you dear, unselfish creature, just as you think best. But perhaps we need not part with either of these relics. We will tell Mrs. Jenkins the truth, and appeal to her kindness. I know she has a heart beneath that sour exterior. Witness her care of her orphan niece."

"We also are orphans." And a tear stole down Clara's rosy cheek; but she quickly wiped it away, and resumed, "Well, you shall do your best with her, and I will go to a few shops, and endeavor to obtain upon credit what will suffice until Mrs. Watson pays us for this work. Fortunately, we owe very little anywhere."

"And never will again, Clara, if we can help it. And now come a little nearer to the window, that we may make the most of the fading light."

The landlady, subdued by Harriet's sweet and gentle manner, agreed to be patient, and the grocer and general provision merchant willingly supplied the sisters with the few necessities they required. Few were these, for they had long found it advisable to give up sugar to their tea, and butter to their bread.

Harriet and Clara Lee were singularly placed, and yet, could we know the histories of those whom we daily pass regardless in the streets, there are probably many others equally so. Since the death of their parents, who, coming total strangers to a strange place, had in vain endeavored to establish themselves in a respectable line of business, Harriet and Clara had lived almost entirely upon the precarious earnings of the former, who was, as we have seen, a contributor to several of the periodicals of the day. But her success was far from uniform, and extreme anxiety and almost hopelessness of ever earning a sufficiency had undermined the little talent she formerly possessed. Clara had gained a few pounds by painting small pictures and screens in water-colors; and once, at a time when the sisters were very hard pressed, a distant relative had sent them a trifle. But this relative, whom they had

never seen, and who was a selfish, griping woman, little disposed to take notice of two portionless orphans, who, she thought, could never do her any good in return, had accompanied her paltry donation with so galling a letter, that Harriet and Clara at once determined never again, in any extremity, to refer to Mrs. Williamson. For rather would they, they both felt, enter any service, however lowly, than again expose themselves to the rich widow's insulting pity, and insinuated blame of those dear, though unfortunate parents, of whose affectionate guidance they so sorely experienced the need.

The fortnight wore slowly on, only cheered by the prospect of the twelve or fifteen shillings which the sisters expected at the end of it. At length the work was completed, a day before the time fixed; and Clara put on her little straw bonnet, with green ribbons and faded shawl, and took it home. When she returned, Harriet had opened her desk, and was busy among her papers.

"So there you are at your unprofitable writing again, you dear old bluestocking," cried the young girl, who appeared unusually gay.

"Yes, Clara; for now, after a fortnight of drudgery at the needle, it is quite delightful to take up my pen once more. But sit down close by me, and tell me how you have sped. Your sagacious little face tells a pleasant tale."

"And a true one, Harry. But you will never guess. Look here, then." And putting her hand into the pocket of her dress, Clara drew forth an old knitted purse, and proceeded to empty the contents on her sister's lap. "Here is the gold by itself at this end, and here is the silver. All this heap, sister."

"A little beautiful new half-sovereign, and—eight shillings! Mrs. Watson has never given you all this, Clara, for those tiny nightgowns? Eighteenpence apiece."

"Indeed, but she has; she said they were so neatly done, and the crochet-edging so pretty. With all her pomposity, she is a dear, good woman, and a real friend to the destitute. Now, don't smile at my earnestness, Harriet. I only wish Mrs. Williamson were like her. And *she* preaches religion, and talks about her being an humble——. Well, well, Harriet, I dare say I ought not to talk so. And, after all, what does Mrs. William-

son's behavior matter to us, when we have eighteen shillings, nearly a pound, earned within a fortnight by the cleverness of our own fingers."

"But out of that, you must remember, you little chatterbox," said Harriet, affectionately passing her arm round her sister's waist, "that we have nine shillings to pay for rent."

"And then we shall only have nine left, and out of that we must pay three shillings to the provision-merchant and two to the baker. Four shillings left. Ah, dear Harriet!" And Clara sighed at this rapid disposal of their hard-earned money.

"Yes, my sister, it is hard; and when so many are rolling in wealth——. But we must not indulge in envious, discontented feelings; but be thankful that we are able to pay our way, and that our health is preserved to us. And for the promotion of the latter, we will cease from labor this one evening, and recruit our weary eyes and backs by a walk in the fields. It is a sweet afternoon. Let us make haste with our tea."

After dispatching their frugal meal, the sisters set out; and having called upon their landlady by the way, and paid their little bills at the two shops that had supplied them with provisions, they left the streets, and proceeded along a winding town-lane, full of gossiping women and noisy children. This was unpleasant enough, but the quiet, green fields lay at its termination, and they hastened their steps, to reach them.

"How peaceful and soothing it is!" said Clara, in a low voice, as they sauntered across a wide meadow, where every blade of grass shone with a golden hue in the level rays of the setting sun. "One could almost believe that one had left all weariness and labor behind in the noisy town, and that here one might live like the lilies on that pond, who 'toil not, neither do they spin.'"

"If this could be," replied her sister, "would it be better for us? It was a high decree that said, 'In the sweat of thy brow——'"

"O, Harriet, look—do look at that cluster of wild roses! One would not believe they could grow so beautifully so near the smoke of a town."

"But we are tolerably far from the smoke now," said Harriet, "for we are just at Ivy Cottage."

"O, yes; where that strange gentleman lodges, whom they talk so much about. I wonder if we could get a glimpse of him this fine evening." And Clara placed one foot across the ditch that separated the sisters from the bank and hedge surrounding the little garden in front of Ivy Cottage, and peered through the stems of the hawthorn bushes. "There he is, Harriet," she whispered, "sitting on a bench with his back to us. Now he turns. What a striking countenance! Do look, Harriet; I will make room for you."

But Clara, in her hasty withdrawal, had not calculated the width of the ditch, nor the depth of the little stream of water that ran beneath the shade of the nettles and buttercups. The bank gave way beneath her foot, and down she slipped, before Harriet could so much as stretch out a preventing hand. The fall was accompanied by an involuntary shriek, and in a moment the dark countenance of the singular stranger appeared above the garden-hedge.

"Can I be of any service, ladies?" he asked, in a rich, deep-toned voice. "You appear to have met with an accident, young lady," he added, looking at Clara.

Poor Clara cut rather a ludicrous figure, as she stood with her wet skirts clinging to her, and her downcast face covered with blushes; and her sister could not, with all her sympathy for her plight, help smiling as she glanced at her. Harriet's smile was peculiarly sweet, and it appeared to have attracted the attention of the stranger, for when she looked up in his face to answer his polite inquiry, she found his gaze riveted upon her.

"I beg your pardon," he said at length, and it seemed that some internal agitation caused his voice to tremble slightly. "Your smile reminded me of a dear friend. But I am detaining this young lady in her wet things. Do me the honor to walk in. Mrs. Casson, my hostess, will, I am sure, be happy to render any assistance that may be needed."

Harriet and Clara thanked him, and gladly accepted his offer, for it was impossible for the latter to return through the streets in her drenched condition. When they were comfortably installed in Mrs. Casson's neat kitchen, and while Clara was engaged in taking off her wet shoes, and drying her dress and stockings by the cheerful fire, the good woman made

Harriet sit down, and opened out for a little bit of gossip.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of my lodger? They are making a pretty fuss about him in the town, I suppose. They fancy him a nabob, and make out all manner of tales concerning him. But I know best, only I keep my own counsel."

"He is a very gentlemanly man," Harriet replied. "Not handsome exactly, but so distinguished-looking."

"And so he is, miss. I wish you could but see his linen, and all his fine 'curocities.' O, he has such beautiful clothes. Just now, though all his shirts are as good as new, he wants a new set making; and I'm sure I do n't know whom to engage to do it, for he is *so* particular."

Harriet and Clara looked at each other. "Would you trust *us* with them?" said the former. "Our name is Lee, and we live in Summer-street."

Mrs. Casson glanced at her visitors inquisitively. "Well, now, I believe I could trust you. You seem nice, lady-like young women. But have you been used to making shirts?"

Harriet replied that both her sister and herself were neat sewers, and had always made their father's shirts. The negotiation was soon concluded. Mrs. Casson agreed to walk over on the morrow to their lodgings with the piece of Irish linen, which her "gentleman," she said, had commissioned her to purchase at Walker & Dawson's, "as fine as could be bought for money."

Clara could not help jumping for joy as they walked home in the twilight. "More work, sister. The proverb is true, 'God helps those that help themselves.'"

Mrs. Casson kept her promise of calling with the piece of linen, and the shirts were speedily completed. As Clara had caught a severe cold the evening of her aquatic adventure, Harriet volunteered to take the work home herself; and at the termination of her expedition was ushered, somewhat reluctantly, into Mr. Somerton's sitting-room. That gentleman was out in the garden, but Mrs. Casson said she would let him know that his shirts were come home, and meanwhile Harriet amused herself by looking at several of the "curocities" which Mrs. Casson had mentioned on their first visit, and which were distributed on the tables of the apartment. Among them she perceived

a miniature, set in gold and pearls, which she ventured to take up to examine more closely, and started to discern in its features a striking resemblance to her own mother, only younger and handsomer, as though it had been taken when that dear parent was in the bloom of youth and beauty, ere anxiety and impending poverty had paled the roses on her cheek, and dimmed the luster of her mild blue eyes. Harriet was in the act of turning the miniature round to look for some name or initial that should confirm or contradict her impression, when a step was heard, and she hastily put it down. But her heightened color and tearful eyes were not so easily got rid of, and as Mr. Sumerston entered, and was about to address his visitor with his usual politeness, he appeared struck by something in her countenance.

"This can be no accidental resemblance," he muttered to himself; "just as I saw her last, on the eve of my departure. Young lady," he added aloud to Harriet, who, having recovered her composure, was speculating on the causes of this singular emotion, evinced at each interview with herself; "young lady, answer me one question, I beseech you, and be assured that it is no idle curiosity that dictates it. What was your mother's maiden name, and where was she born?"

"My poor mother's maiden name was Harriet Leslie, and she was born at Sunnylea, a village in Devonshire," Harriet replied, succinctly, immediately connecting these inquiries with the miniature that she had discovered.

"It is as I suspected," said the stranger; and, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, beside which he was standing, and covering his face with his hand, he in vain struggled to disguise the emotion that shook his thin, nervous frame. "You said my *poor* mother," at length he resumed, looking up for a moment. "She is dead, then?"

"She is, sir. She died eighteen months ago. My poor father had departed before her; and my sister and I am now alone in the world."

"Maintaining a hard contest against poverty. Is it not so?"

"God is good, sir. He 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

"Miss Lee (I believe that is your name?)"—Harriet bowed—"shall you think me very impertinent if I request you

to inform me where and in what condition of life your—your mother died, and how her daughters are situated at present? Have you any relatives who interest themselves about you? Tell me, and fear not to tire me—I have a deeper interest in the matter than you can imagine," added the mysterious speaker, *par* parenthesis—"tell me, as well as you can, your family history."

Harriet had the good sense to do as requested, without timidity or hesitation; and the interview lasted so long, that twilight had deepened into dusk, and poor Clara had grown quite feverish with apprehension as to the cause of her sister's delay, ere the latter bade good-by to her new friend at the entrance of the fields leading to Ivy Cottage.

"Keep yourself as quiet as possible," were his parting words, "and waste no time in conjectures as to the nature of my interest in you and your sister. You have too much perception to suspect it to be of an invidious description. In three days you shall hear further. Meanwhile, as I am a punctual man in pecuniary matters, allow me to place myself in some degree out of your debt."

Harriet would have refused the proffered sovereign, saying it was too much for the work done, but the stranger insisted; and so they parted.

The sun was setting on the third evening after the interview above recorded, and Harriet and Clara were seated at the window of their little apartment, dressed in their best attire. Poor girls! even so they were plain enough, for their best was nothing to boast of. Too restless to employ themselves in their usual occupations, they listened intently to every noise in the street, occasionally breaking off for a brief discussion of the important subject which had occupied them for three whole days, to the exclusion of every other.

"You are sure, Harriet, that he said *in* three days, not *after* three days."

"Quite sure, Clara. 'In three days' time.' I remember the very intonation. If it be not all an illusion of my distempered brain, we shall know more before this evening is over."

"Who can he be, Harriet? We never heard that poor mamma had any relatives beyond seas."

"It is in vain to conjecture, Clara.

And, indeed, Mr. Somerton wished us not to do so; but we have neither of us been very strict in our compliance with his request. Look! what a handsome carriage dashing up the street! Whose can it be? The coachman is making some inquiry. It has turned—it stops at our door. A gentleman is getting out. Mr. Somerton!"

How the sisters trembled, and became alternately red and pale, as Mr. Somerton quickly ascended the stairs, and was ushered into their presence, I leave my readers to imagine. Their emotion was overpowering, and their visitor participated in it in a still greater degree. It was with much difficulty, and a choking utterance, that he at length—displaying the miniature of their mother at the same time as his credentials—announced himself as their uncle, their mother's only brother, long since lost sight of, and, owing to certain desperate family quarrels, never even mentioned among those once nearest and dearest to him.

"And now, my dear nieces," he concluded, "this drudging life of yours must cease, and you must come and live with me, to cheer my home, and render it a little haven of peace to your poor storm-tossed and weather-worn uncle. Well, won't you give your future protector a kiss apiece?"

The girls ran into his arms, and, after giving them both a hearty embrace, he gently detained Harriet near him, and gazed fondly upon her.

"It was this face," he said, "with all my dear lost sister in its expression, that led to my happy discovery."

"Uncle," said Harriet, eagerly—interrupting him, and then begging pardon for having done so—"uncle, I too made a discovery."

"Indeed; and what was that?"

"While I was waiting on you to come in that evening, I saw the miniature. That was what induced me to answer your questions so readily, otherwise I might not have done so. But, uncle, if you will allow me, in my turn, to ask a question, how comes it that your name is Somerton, and not Leslie?"

"Simply because, my dear sagacious little niece, the old gentleman who made me his heir, and thus placed me in my present fortunate position, annexed to his generosity one sole condition, that I should

take his name. Thus it happened that I became Harry Leslie Somerton."

We may be sure that the uncle and his new-found nieces were in no hurry to separate. When, however, this generous and affectionate relative did rise to take leave for the present, he placed in the hands of each of the sisters a fifty pound Bank of England note.

"These," he said, "will discharge your little obligations, and attire you in a manner more befitting your future position. Lose no time in procuring yourselves suitable apparel, for in a fortnight I shall take you down to Sussex, to a pretty little place I have purchased there, and where I hope we shall live happily together for a considerable period—unless, indeed, you choose to run away and leave me for greater favorites," he added, archly.

The sisters would have entered a disclaimer against this latter supposition, but their uncle would not hear a word; and, bidding them a kind good-by, left them to the contemplation of their unlooked-for happiness. They remained perfectly silent for some minutes after his departure. Clara was the first to speak.

"I just feel, sister, as if we should have to wake up to-morrow morning and say, in the bitterness of our hearts, 'Behold! it is all a dream.'"

"No fear of that, dear Clara." And Harriet took up the miniature which lay on the table. "Our uncle, like a considerate ghost, has left this voucher of a real visitation."

"The nieces of the rich Mr. Somerton! What a talk it will make in the town."

"I fear, Clara, you think more of the pecuniary benefits than of the happiness of living with such a dear, good uncle. I declare, I love him dearly already."

"I like him very much, too, Harriet, and am very grateful to him. But I don't fall in love with people so soon as you, who are an authoress, and privileged to be romantic—such, at least, is the popular opinion. Besides, you must excuse me if, after the life we have lately led, I think more of the solid advantages of his protection for us than of anything else. No more drudgery, Harriet, he said."

"I must own that is pleasant to think of," Harriet replied. "I shall write so much better when my efforts are not forced."

Did our authoress keep her word? We refer our readers to a high-toned and touching volume, which made no inconsiderable noise last season, and which was known, by certain of the initiated, to emanate from the pen of the gifted Harriet Lee, the niece of H. Leslie Somerton, Esq., of Oakdale Lodge, in the county of Sussex.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE TWO PICTURES—A RHYMED CONTRAST.

A PAINTER in his rambles
Met a little wandering child,
And wonder'd at its sweetness
And beauty when it smiled.

Its locks were bright and golden,
Like the summer's setting sun;
His eyes had ne'er beholden
Such a sweet, angelic one.

He loved it for its beauty—
For the gladsome smile of joy,
Which linger'd like a halo
Around the fair-hair'd boy.

One day he took his pallet,
Anon the canvas smiled
With the beautiful resemblance
Of the little angel child.

Its brow was wreath'd in sunlight,
The rose was on its cheek;
And from its lips half parted
The spirit seem'd to speak.

Its eyes of dewy brightness
Beam'd with a sinless light;
A lily hand was lifted,
The index of delight.

The artist look'd with rapture
On his little picture-child;
Its face was so angelic,
Its looks so sweet and mild.

He said, "Surely an angel
Has cross'd my humble way;
No more I'll see an angel
Through life's long lingering day.

I shall meet in life's great journey
The weary and way-worn,
And those of whom deep shadows
Have veil'd the early morn.

If I meet a friend incarnate,
With spirit dark and wild,
I'll paint him for a contrast
With the little angel child."

Long years pass'd o'er the painter,
And turn'd his locks to gray;
And still no perfect contrast
Had ever cross'd his way.

The painter's soul was ardent
With that deep human love
That seeks the lone unfortunate,
To tell of homes above.

His heart of loving-kindness
Led him to a dungeon cold,
Where, by long years of darkness,
The young were changed to old.

In a corner of the prison,
By the lamp's uncertain light,
He saw a scene of terror,
A dread, unearthly sight.

There was a blood-stain'd being,
Bound with the prison-chain,
With terror in his spirit,
And madness in his brain!

The fires of wild passion,
That burn'd his heart within,
Had branded on his features
The tracery of sin.

His words were all blasphemings,
And curses every breath;
Although he seem'd just trembling
Upon the verge of death.

In all his fancy dreamings,
The artist never thought
To meet with one whose ruin
So fearfully was wrought.

Here surely was the *contrast*,
Which he never wish'd to see;
A man of *such* undoing
He thought could never be.

He brought his paints and pallet
Beside the madman's bed;
O, ne'er before had painter
A studio so dread!

And then he made a picture,
By the magic of his art,
To turn to very chilliness
The beatings of the heart!

He wrote upon the canvas
The name the demon bore;
It seem'd to him, most strangely,
He had heard the name before.

He took away the painting
Of the demon dark and wild,
To place it for a contrast
With the little smiling child.

The name kept ringing strangely
Within his ears the while;
The name of that thrice wretched,
Sin-blacken'd man and vile.

He read the name he'd given,
To the little stranger child;
That, in his far-gone youth time
The artist's heart beguiled.

He brush'd the dust of summers
From the long-forgotten name;
The child's name and the demon's
Were both the *very same*!

Ah, many are the wonders
In this changing world of ours!
There springth oft the bramble
Where late have bloom'd the flowers!

W. H. BARNES.

ANECDOTES OF THE LION.

THE noble appearance, prodigious strength, and determined spirit of the lion, justify the sovereignty assigned him as "the king of beasts." In the boundless desert, the dense jungle, and the luxuriant plains of Africa, he roams at will, with agile yet muscular frame, alike the lord of all the animal tribes.

"When round he glares all living creatures fly,
He clears the desert with his rolling eye;"

and even when, by smell, the cattle are aware of his presence, they display the greatest alarm. Though worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monarch is perceived they start like race-horses, with their tails erect; and so great is their panic that sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

Like the varied tribe to which he belongs, the lion is nocturnal in his habits. Sleeping during the day, it is at night he goes forth—

"Grimly majestic in his lonely walks."

With unerring instinct he scents his prey, and follows it in its course; then suddenly he crouches, he springs even to the length of twenty or thirty feet, he forces his fangs into the throat of his victim, and, though massive is the strength of the elephant, and dense the armor of the rhinoceros, there is not for either any chance of escape:—

"And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey."

As the lion rests his head on his paws or on the ground, and emits a half-stifled growl, the vibration is conveyed to a great distance. The sounds heard from him when captive in a menagerie are whispers, compared with his thunders when roaming in his native wilds. "One night," says Mr. Moffat, the missionary, "we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening service, the book was still in my hands, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard. Our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and ran over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bibles and our

guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained. The oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any."

The following is no less characteristic. A settler in South Africa was proceeding with his party from Algoa Bay to his location of Glen-Lynden. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which had been happily provided, it was not without difficulty that they could keep one large watch-fire burning. A sentinel was appointed as usual; and all but he were buried in sleep, when about midnight the roar of a lion was heard close to their tents, and so loud and tremendous was it, that it seemed for a moment to those it so suddenly aroused, as if a thunder-cloud had broken close beside them. But the peculiar expression of the sound, the voice of fury as well as of power, instantly undeceived them, and springing to their arms, they hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into their camp. But all around was total darkness, and scarcely any two of them were agreed as to the quarter from whence the roar had issued. This uncertainty was owing partly, perhaps, to the peculiar mode the lion often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and more than all, to the confusion of the senses in the party being thus hurriedly and fearfully awoke from their slumbers. Having fired several volleys in all directions around the encampment, they roused up the half-extinguished fire to a blaze; and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. It is probable that this unwonted display daunted the grim visitor, for he occasioned no further disturbance during the night.

A few days afterward, some of the party had gone a mile or two up the valley to cut reeds for thatching the temporary huts proposed to be built; and were busy with their sickles in the bed of the river, when, to their dismay, a huge lion rose up among the reeds, almost close beside them;—the formidable cause, probably, of their previous alarm. The lion leaped on the bank, and then turned round and gazed at

the men. One or two of them who had guns, seized them hastily, and began to load with ball; the rest, unarmed and helpless, stood petrified; having no other expectation than that the lion would soon make sad havoc among them. But, from some cause or other—he might recently have dined, or, perhaps, he was as much surprised as they were—after gazing for a minute or two (a dreadful pause!) at the intruders on his wild domain, he turned about and retired; first slowly, and afterward proceeding for some distance at a good round trot; while the on-lookers were much too prudent to interfere in the slightest degree with his retreat.

The following incident, illustrative of the lion's perseverance in watching, and tenacity in retaining his prey, occurred to another party. The wagons and cattle had been put up for the night, when, about midnight, they were thrown into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which walked very deliberately a few paces further behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him which those looking on took to be a young ox. They fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind blew strongly; the sky was clear; and the moon shone very brightly, so that anything might be perceived at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and the chief of the party had looked over everything, he missed the sentry from before the tent. On calling as loudly as possible, but in vain, he came to the melancholy conclusion that the poor man had fallen a prey to the invader. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood exactly opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the sentinel; but they returned helter-skelter; for the lion, who was still there, rose up and began to roar. A hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without, however, there being any appearance of the lion. This induced one of the men to approach the bush with a fire-brand; and as he advanced, the lion roared terribly, and leaped at him; but the monster was compelled to retire by the fire-brand, which was instantly hurled at him, and the shots by which he was assailed.

The fire-brand fell into the midst of the bush, and, favored by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that those

assembled could see into the bush and through it. They continued their firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which induced every one to fire at the lion, as he could not lie there without exposing himself. Some men, posted at the furthest wagons, watched, to take aim at him as he came out. At last, just before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the dead body of the sentinel in his mouth; about forty shots were fired without hitting him; and, persisting in retaining his prey amid the fire and shot, he carried it securely off. But short-lived was his safety; he was followed and killed before noon, while standing over the mangled remains of the unfortunate sentinel.

Of one deliverance there is a remarkable acknowledgment. Under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1646, provision is made for a sermon to be preached annually, on the 16th of November, in St. Catherine Cree Church, Leadenhall-street, in commemoration of his providential deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert, as he was traveling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested. In addition to the fees directed to be given to the minister, the clerk, and the sexton, £8 16s. 6d. is to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants.

Few particulars in regard to the lion need be added. His distinguishing marks are the presence of a shaggy mane and a tuft at the end of his tail. These appendages do not appear for some time while the animal is young; and four or five years elapse before they acquire their full and bushy state. The lioness is considerably smaller than the lion, but her form is much more slender and graceful.

The most remarkable distinction of the lion of India is, the very pale tint that pervades his whole body; it approaches almost to a fawn color, and it is still paler on the under parts of the body and the insides of the legs. The mane is scarcely so ample as it is in the lion of Africa; but it is furnished with a peculiar appendage in the long hairs which, commencing beneath the neck, occupy the whole of the middle line of the body below. The size of the creature is also somewhat less; and he is considered generally inferior to the noble animal on whose character and qualities we have more particularly enlarged.

[For the National Magazine.]

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

ON many accounts the Jews are the most remarkable people. Not because they were ever the greatest nation as to population, wealth, science, or conquest, for in all these respects they never would compare with many other nations, both ancient and modern. But there are certain features of character by which they have been preëminently distinguished from all other nations in every period of their history. The religious feature of their character was ever the most prominent; and by this they have been distinguished from all the nations of the earth for more than four thousand years, during the whole of which period they have been the subjects of prophecy. Indeed, prophetic disclosures were made respecting them to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, and all the Hebrew prophets. Our Saviour, also, uttered most marked predictions, which were fulfilled in the memorable overthrow of Jerusalem. St. Paul and St. John also uttered predictions respecting them.

All these predictions may be summed up in two classes—the fulfilled and the unfulfilled. Of the former it were an easy task to speak; but of the latter, this cannot be said. There are difficulties next to insuperable in determining the true and full import of all unfulfilled prophecy. The event alone must frequently supply the exposition. Thus has it ever been, and thus, doubtless, will it ever be.

Two things are supposed to be included in unfulfilled prophecy respecting the Jews: their future conversion to the Christian faith, and their restoration to Palestine. With respect to the former there is little or no controversy among intelligent, orthodox Christians. As to the latter, the current sentiment is far from being consentaneous and uniform. It has been urged that the idea of their future return had its origin in their early and long-cherished, and, we may add, *fatal* error, that the Messiah was to be a temporal prince, and that the indorsement by Christians of their future gathering at Jerusalem actually interposes a bar to their conversion to Christianity. They construe the concession of their future return into a confirmation of their expected secular Messiah. The argument hence is, that

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a doctrine so liable to abuse, and which rests upon slender evidence at the best, should be discarded. But whether there is sufficient evidence to justify the assurance of their future return to their fatherland, however they may have abused the doctrine, must be decided by *facts* and *evidence*. Let us first glance at a few facts:—

1. They are dispersed everywhere, of and in almost every nation. This nobody questions.

2. They coalesce with no nation in which they have resided for some *sixty* generations. This, indeed, they never will do while they adhere inviolably to their peculiar faith. Implicitly held, it must keep them in their present isolated condition.

3. They are the agriculturists of no country; but are the bankers, brokers and merchants of all countries where they are permitted to sojourn. The result is, they are attached to the soil nowhere; though in spite of almost unendurable disabilities, under which they are sometimes compelled to live, they are proverbial alike for their avarice, their skill in commerce, and their vast wealth; and as this consists not in real estate, but in cash, they are ready on the shortest notice to obey the signal for a general rendezvous at Jerusalem.

4. Their attachment to the holy land, containing, as it does, the sepulchers of their fathers, and their reverence for its ancient metropolis, are more in their nature, and stronger in their influence, than the most ardent enkindlings of patriotism. Their love for Palestine is a cherished and controlling *passion*. Cheerfully do many make long and painful pilgrimages during the last years of life, feeling richly compensated by the permission to lay their bones along with those of their venerated ancestors within the territory of ancient Canaan.

5. Their land is, in a sense, reserved for them, having been since their last great dispersion occupied first by the Romans, then by the Saracens, and last by the Turks, who still hold dominion there.

Whatever should be their bearing upon the restoration of the Jews, these facts are incontrovertible, and strikingly coincident. In the absence of other evidence of their ultimate return, these facts might all be resolved, perhaps, upon the principle of their peculiar form of religion, and their

invincible attachment to its institutions and provisions. But, in connection with valid proof of such future gathering, all these facts, most undeniably, cast their shadows in the same direction.

The positive proof of the return of the Jews to Palestine—if positive it really is—lies spread over a wide space, reaching from Moses through the Hebrew prophets down to St. Paul, and some include St. John also among the witnesses; for Dr. Whitby regards the twenty-first chapter of Revelation as containing a symbolical representation of the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

One great difficulty, perhaps the greatest, in applying the predictions of Moses and the prophets to this question, consists in distinguishing those which refer to the Babylonian captivity from those which refer to an event still future. No ordinary skill and discrimination are requisite to escape this danger.

In Deut. xxx, 4-6, which to save space we do not transcribe, we have a prediction which seems too broad and comprehensive to be limited to the captivities of Israel or Judah; and it falls in after those curses which seem to have been fulfilled in events connected with the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans. This consideration determines the allusion to a gathering which is still future.

In Isaiah xi, 11, 12, we have a remarkable prediction, which commentators generally regard as having a reference still future. Evidence of this is derived from two sources: one is its connection with the calling of the Gentiles into the Church; the other is "the Lord's setting his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people." That this "second time" refers to the Babylonian captivity as the "first time," with which it is compared, and not to the going up from Egypt, is clear from two considerations: in the exodus from Egypt there was no gathering from different places, but simply a remove from one place to another—hence it could not have been the first; in the return from Babylon, even if we include the remnant of the ten tribes, they came not from the several countries mentioned by the prophet, much less from the "four corners of the earth." For these reasons we see not how this prediction can refer to any recorded past event. But allowing it to be still future, why may it not refer to the gathering of the dispersed Jews into the

Church, simply on their embrace of Christianity? A sufficient answer may be, that the terms used are by many degrees stronger than those referring to the ingathering of the Gentiles, leaving a strong preponderance in favor of the return of the Jews.

Jeremiah xxiii, 5-8 contains a passage which seems to have a future bearing. Its clear and pointed allusions to Christ under the designation of the "righteous Branch," determines its reference to some period future to the Babylonian captivity, leaving little reason to doubt that it will be accomplished in the future gathering of the Jews.

The closing verses of the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh chapters of Ezekiel contain predictions much too evangelical to have had their fulfillment at any period before Christ. Hence they seem to contain predictions of two events which are connected, if not coetaneous—the conversion of the Jews under Prince David, that is, Christ; and their restoration to their own land.

The next and only remaining passage to which we shall refer in the Old Testament is Hosea iii, 3-5. A more graphic view of the Jews for the last nearly eighteen hundred years could not well be given. As all their sacrifices were to be offered upon one common altar, they have had neither sacrifice nor officiating priest since the destruction of the second temple. And the time when this prediction is to be accomplished being in the "latter days," and their "returning and seeking the Lord their God and David their king," determine the reference of the prophet to be to a period still future. The proof of their future conversion and their future return seems to be equally cogent, or nearly so, from the showing of this prophet.

There are two eminent passages in the New Testament which seem to bear directly on this question. Our Lord says: "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke xxi, 24. And St. Paul speaks of the "mystery—that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." Rom. xi, 25. These passages seem mutually to sustain and reflect light upon each other. The first clearly indicates that there will be a time when the ancient Jewish metropolis will no longer be trodden down; the second as closely indicates

that when "the fullness of the Gentiles" shall have "come in," or into the Church, the light divine will again flash upon the benighted, obdurate, skeptical Hebrew mind. Both of these having been uttered previously to the last and longest dispersion of the Jews, which took place in connection with the overthrow of their city and temple, and with an evident foresight of those events, their literal fulfillment together with the persistent and almost universal unbelief of the Jews, seem to furnish the amplest pledge both of the future conversion and return of the venerable Hebrew people to the Holy Land.

Here we close the Scripture evidence for the return of the Jews. But it may be proper in this connection to remark, that while the majority of commentators and divines, in our acquaintance, indorse this doctrine, the Rev. Robert Hall maintains that the mystical temple of Ezekiel refers to a future temple to be built at Jerusalem. Dr. Whitby conceives that the "New Jerusalem, the Holy City," which John saw come down from God out of heaven, "is the Jewish Church converted to God." He also quotes Justin Martyr as confessing to Trypho, "that Jerusalem shall be rebuilt;" and Irenæus, as declaring that "God will restore them to the land which he had promised, and given to their fathers, and they shall dwell in it in hope." He also cites a concurrent declaration from Tertullian. But whether these eminent men are right or wrong, we shall not undertake to decide. That there is preponderant evidence in that direction—that probability favors the doctrine—may, we imagine, be safely conceded. More than this, it may be more safe to leave to be verified by the event.

That the Jews have ever been the subjects of a train of providences, no less special than marked, cannot be denied. Their number is about the same at present as it was when they left Egypt, more than three thousand years ago. They have already performed a mission, and are still fulfilling one, for Christianity. They are a living attestation of its truth. Without their testimony in its favor, the proof of its divine authenticity would lack some degree of its present completeness. They are a living monumental attestation of the truth of Scripture prophecy. Viewed in connection with the Gentile world, they are a striking example of a *compensative*

providence. For some two thousand years before the birth of Christ the Gentiles were enshrouded in a vail of thick darkness, while *they* had light in all their dwellings. And now for nearly two thousand years the Gentiles have constituted the great body of the militant Church, while they have stood aloof from it through their most obstinate and persistent unbelief. The time will doubtless yet come when *both* shall constitute one fold under one shepherd.

The Jews will have fulfilled, through their unbelief, their authenticating mission in furnishing an irrefutable and monumental demonstration of the truth of Christianity; and then will they, through their exemplary faith, render equal or more important service to the same cause. And precisely what relation their return will have to their conversion, whether it will be prior or subsequent, is one of those things which must be left to be disclosed by the event. Whether they will literally *all* be gathered must also be left. Perhaps this is hardly probable. But it is quite conceivable that the Holy Land, now held in such veneration by them because there they trace the footsteps of patriarchs and prophets, will yet be no less honored by them on account of its being the birth-place of their acknowledged Messiah, and the scene of his life and death; nothing less will naturally follow when they come to embrace him in his true, evangelical character. But how, and by what means, these future events will be achieved, should doubtless be reckoned with those "secret things which belong to God," only in so far as he has seen fit to reveal them in his word. And even then how many things will remain half concealed till explained by the event!

As to the return of the Jews *previous* to their conversion—an opinion which seems to have obtained the most favor—several things are worthy to be considered. Their future gathering will not be to re-institute the obsolete Mosaic ritual. And yet, if left to themselves, cherishing their present and long-persisted unbelief, nothing else would be the natural result. Hence in our view their conversion might seem to be retarded rather than accelerated by their restoration: it would seem to favor their secular views and aims. Admitting this, would it not at the same time furnish another proof in favor of Chris-

tianity in verifying the unity between the predictions of the Old and New Testaments? thus demonstrating to both Jew and Gentile that the claims of Christ and the apostles to inspiration rest upon the same ground with that of Hebrew prophets, whom the Jews have ever held as Heaven's accredited messengers.

Still another view may be taken. The conversion of the dispersed children of Abraham, after their gathering from the four winds to the land which God originally ceded to that honored patriarch, would seem to be a more marked event, under such circumstances, than if it should occur during their dispersion. It might more clearly and conspicuously display divine grace in gaining so signal a triumph over that invincible prejudice and unbelief in a future generation, which in a former generation had resisted the personal miracles and teaching of the Messiah. Because if the Jews are ever converted to Christianity, it will be by a rich and mighty effusion of the Holy Spirit. Nothing else can effect the object. And examples are not wanting, illustrative of the principle, that divine grace is signally magnified by achieving its noblest triumphs under circumstances the most unpropitious, and over subjects the least hopeful. Thus it may be in the conversion of the gathered Jews. For while certain great national movements may suffice to open the way for their *return*, which their long-cherished hopes of one day realizing will induce them promptly to seize upon the first opportunity of effecting, their *conversion*, whether in their present dispersed or their future collected state, will be a most eminent work of grace. And it will be entirely in keeping with the long-cherished hopes of Christians, that a richer display and a more abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit will precede the ushering in of the millennial morning, to believe that those copious showers or floods will join their grandest conquests in the salvation of the Jews.

Hence it would only be an exemplification of a great master-principle of both grace and providence, illustrated in the divine conduct in the original call of the celebrated ancestor of the Hebrews, in making his family the first to *recover* the lost knowledge of the true God, and for ages to be the only people on earth among whom that knowledge could be found, to

make this same people the *last* to confess the claims of Christ to the Messiahship, and thus enjoy that salvation which implicit faith in him secures to all believers. Reasoning on this principle, we shall be conducted to the conclusion as highly probable, to say the least, that the conversion of the Jews will be subsequent to their return to Palestine.

In conclusion, we frankly admit, that plausible probability is all we desire to claim for our hypothesis. The object of prophecy seems to be not to enable us to anticipate future events with respect to their attendant circumstances, so much as to inspire hope and lay the basis of confidence deep and strong in the divine promise; hence, thus it may be with respect to the Jews. We may regard their future conversion as *certain*—their future *return*, if not certain, at least *highly* probable. They are a monumental people. The world is under great obligation to the Jewish nation. Gentiles should remember that "salvation is of the Jews." The former owe not only a debt of gratitude to the latter, but all, in the way of friendship and kindness, which it is in their power to render them. And we should not forget that we were all once "sinners of the Gentiles," as fully as any who ever bore that character; and if we now claim to be Christians, still we are Christians of the Gentiles and not of the Jews. Hence, if they as the natural branches were broken off, we should remember that we stand only by faith; and that God will graft them in again, if they are willing to relinquish their unbelief.

JEFFREY AND HIS BOOKS.—For a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, his collection was most wretched, and so ill-cared for that the want even of volumes never disturbed him. The science of binding he knew nothing about, and therefore despised, and most of his books were unbound. These slatternly habits all arose from his believing that books were only meant to be read, and that, therefore, so as their words were visible, nothing else was required. It must have been in a moment of infirmity that with such a taste he allowed himself to be elected a member of the well-known Bannatyne Club, the only association of the kind with which he had ever been connected.

THE FRENCH CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE cooks, professional and others, as well as the house-keepers and artisans of Paris, consume daily a vast amount of charcoal, without troubling themselves much about the origin and fabrication of the material they find so indispensable. Their care is rather to economize it, considering its high price, than to concern themselves about the source from whence they derive it. We shall not follow their example; but on the contrary, endeavor by our investigations to furnish them with the means of enlightenment on the subject, whenever they may feel disposed to reap the benefit of our labors.

It will be necessary first to transport ourselves to a distance from town or city, to some secluded glade in a forest. We are bound on a dismal journey; the rigid soil is clad in an icy coat of mail; the cutting wind drifts the snow into fantastic forms; the hoarse ravens croak in the air; and the little twittering birds are foraging in the hedges for the few berries that winter has left upon the bushes. Shall we encounter the human form in this desert wilderness? Yes, look! yonder is a camp of savages, more resembling a settlement of beavers than of men. There, housed in mud walls roofed in with turf and withered branches, and sleeping upon straw, and living upon black bread, potatoes, and water, are the sober laborers of the woods. They comprise the wood-cutters, splitters, measurers, and sawyers, as well as the charcoal-burners.

We have at present nothing to do with the wood-cutters, who fell fire-wood and pile it in stacks—nor with the splitters, who rend with the wedge, and dress with the ax—nor with the squarers and sawyers, who prepare the timber for ship-building or carpentry. Our business is with wood laborers of another class.

The wood chosen for the manufacture of charcoal, mostly a species of willow or poplar, is collected by one branch of workmen, and cut into appropriate lengths. A second band pile it in small heaps, which they term stoves. The charcoal-burners then cover each heap with dried foliage and clay, set fire to the mass within, and watch night and day around the glowing piles. In order that carbonization may be complete it is necessary to prevent the

material in combustion from any contact with the atmosphere; and to do this effectually continued caution and vigilance, as well as considerable skillful management, are required. They are but miserably paid for this never-ending labor, receiving little more than two francs, or forty cents a ton for the process of burning.

Nevertheless, the charcoal-burner is a merrier fellow than one would expect to find thus far banished from the world, and doomed to toil at an unprofitable profession. In spite of the smallness of his gains, he is better remunerated than most of his fellow-laborers of the woods; and he can afford at times to indulge in a few morsels of hard to his black bread, and other small luxuries. He has a choice collection of songs, and warbles to disguise the weariness of his rude labor:—

"On Saturday night
Myself I invite
To visit Jeanette so tidy and tight,
To open the door she need not be told,
When she's in the warm and I in the cold."

Or, perhaps, in preference:—

"I fell in love, you must know,
Exactly a week ago.
My darling is pretty and free,
The girl of the world for me.
O, when I go to see her,
Don't my heart feel quee'er."

We have no right to be affronted that in these songs, composed under the trees, by unlettered poets,

The rhyme and reason do not well agree.

But whoever has traveled through the depths of a forest, between two walls of giant trees, at the season of wintry fog and mist and hoar-frost, must remember the sudden accession of pleasure he experienced when the sound of the human voice reached his ear through the lugubrious silence of the desert. When you have left the abode of civilized man a day's journey behind you, and find yourself surrounded by the primitive desolation of nature, while wandering alone along a path barely distinguishable, the rude song of the charcoal-burner, echoing in the distance, is a cheerful and welcome reminder of the pleasures of social life.

The god Apollo, besides being the master of the muses, was the father of Esculapius; and the charcoal-burners are not only poets but physicians. Necessity,

a good or bad counselor, according to circumstances, has taught them to medicate their own maladies; superstition, always more potentially influential in proportion as man is isolated from his fellows, mingles religious formularies with their popular therapeutic prescriptions. If they wish to dress a sprain, they begin by apostrophizing the nerve which they suppose to be affected thus: "Nerve, return to thy former state as God created thee at first, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." After having repeated these words three times, they apply a compress of oil of olives, three whites of eggs, and a handful of flax; and, if the pain is violent, a poultice of grease and warm wine. Could a doctor manage it better?

When a charcoal-burner in the woods has the toothache, he runs no risk of being ruined by a dentist; he takes a new nail, places it in contact with the bad tooth, then drives it into the trunk of a growing oak, and says five *Paters* and five *Aves* in honor of Saint Apolline. This simple fellow, whose imagination is nourished in the solitudes of nature, partakes fully in the popular faith relative to the infallible efficacy of certain ceremonies. If in the spring a swarm of bees, deserting the parent hive, alight upon a tree, in order to prevent their again taking flight, he will sprinkle the ground with holy water, consecrated on the day of the Passover, with a bunch of the box-tree blessed for the purpose on the preceding Sunday.

The life of the charcoal-burner is more solitary than even that of the shepherd. In fact, he differs not much from a hermit, and rarely approaches the dwellings of men, save on a few occasions in the summer, when he travels with a load of charcoal to the water side, whence the fruits of his labors are embarked for Paris.

There are eleven different sorts of charcoal, named after the districts from whence they come. The indispensable agents for its sale are, first the *garçons de pelle*, or measurers, who are appointed by the prefect of police, at the recommendation of the merchants, and whose duty it is to measure the fuel by the hectolitre, without piling up, and using for the purpose a long shovel of a determinate shape. Then come the porters with broad shoulders, vaulted backs, and beards black and bushy; a triangular medal decorates their breasts;

they stoop beneath the weight of enormous sacks, which they convey to the retailers, to the coffee-houses, and to the private residences of their customers. The police regulates their proceedings, and recognizing the convenience of punctuality, in the delivery of a species of fuel so extensively used, says to them: "You shall go straight to your destination, without stopping on your route; and you shall be judged guilty of fraud if you are seen coming out of a private house with your sack not empty. Your business is to carry charcoal to the market, or to carry it thence to the houses of the buyers, but you shall keep neither shop nor warehouse."

The charcoal porters are divided into bands of one hundred men each, and each band elects a chief and a vice-president from among their number. Good-fellowship is the easier to maintain among the members of this democratic fraternity, that they are mostly fellow-countrymen, being nearly all natives of Auvergne. The immigrants from the Puy-de-Dôme and the Cantal, almost to a man devote themselves to this profession. In the charcoal shops and on board the boats in the river, nothing else is to be heard but the wretched Auvergnois jargon, which is a barbarous and unintelligible mixture of Latin, Italian, and French. The retail charcoal-dealer, who keeps an open shop, is an Auvergnat in everything—in language, habits, manners, and greediness. Like the grocer, he sells very dearly by retail what he has bought a bargain by wholesale; a sack of charcoal costs him seven francs, and he will dole it out in small quantities for fourteen. He sells, moreover, firewood, pit-coal, scouring-brick, wood-ashes, burnt brands, cinders, and in addition to these, filtered water contained in an immense tank backed by one of the walls of his shop.

Over his door you may read in majestic letters:—"Wood sold by weight. Economical blocks for burning. Clarified water."

It is to be hoped that his various trades lead the charcoal-seller to fortune, which we wish him sincerely.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

A PREDICAMENT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

PERHAPS few of the British colonies are so little known as Guiana. Its very name, ten years ago, was seldom either heard or seen, except in the counting-houses and ledgers of the comparatively few merchants trading to one of its three great divisions—Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. Guiana is the north-eastern portion of South America, extending from the Orinoco southward to the Amazon. It is divided among the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana is the most northern portion, extending on the sea-board from the Orinoco to the Corentyn, and inland to the sources of the last-mentioned river and the Essequibo—an area of perhaps fifty thousand square miles. Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, extends from the river Corentyn to the Marony, and between them inland to their sources—the area being not much less than thirty thousand square miles. French Guiana, or Cayenne, extends coastwise from the Marony to the Oyapock, which separates it from Brazil. Its extension inland is uncertain, but the area is supposed to be fourteen thousand square miles. With all these divisions of Guiana I have had occasion to become more or less acquainted, though chiefly resident at George Town, the capital of Demerara—indeed, of the whole colony, there being perhaps as many whites in George Town as in the whole of Essequibo and Berbice together.

My business in Guiana was an odd one. It was the collecting of skins—alike of beasts, birds, and reptiles—and such other specimens of natural history as could be dried and transmitted to Europe, to become reanimated in the hands of the professional stuffer. Perhaps I do not overestimate my success, if I say that for some years two-thirds of the specimens exported from the colony were the produce of my expeditions. These were, of course, undertaken only in the dry season, of which, in Guiana, there are two—the long dry season, from August to November, and the short, February and March. The course of proceeding was this:—My Indian scout, an Arawak named Barra, got his corial ready, and laid in a supply, according to the time we purposed being absent, of Indian corn, cassava, &c. For

the meat to accompany this, we depended on my double-barreled gun or rifle, as the case might be. As to clothes, Barra's course was the reverse of that usually adopted by travelers. Instead of adding to his stock, he discarded the decent suit he used to wear in town, and contented himself with a single strip of cotton cloth bound tightly round his loins, and serving to hold a large knife. My own wardrobe was somewhat of the scantiest, but we each had a bag slung round us—Barra's to hold provisions when we left the corial for the forest; and mine to receive such feathered or other spoil as we might be able to collect. One part of our equipment must not be forgotten—a strong, but not thick rope, about eighty feet long, knotted at intervals of half a yard, and having at one end a two-pound iron ball. This was used when, by good-luck, we came on a bush-hog or other animal, and did not wish to scare the forest by our firearms. It was of still more essential service in another way, to be described presently.

It was a lovely morning in August, when Barra and I stepped into the little corial, and paddled leisurely up the noble Essequibo. As we landed at two or three islands on our way, we had not made above twenty miles when evening drew in; soon after which we pulled ashore to an Arawak encampment for the night. The next day and night were spent in the same way; and on the third morning we paddled a few miles higher up still, to the foot of the rapids, some fifty miles from the river's mouth, where we secured the corial. Having slung our bags, I took the rifle, Barra the fowling-piece, and we started for the forest—which indeed came down to the water's edge—carrying the coil of rope by turns. As my object was to secure birds, we did not care to fire until we should see something worth firing at. We had been tracking the mazes of the forest, assisted by Barra's knife, for about two hours, when we came upon a small patch of a savanna, at the further side of which stood a noble greenheart (*Nectandra Rodiaei*) of large girth, and without a branch for perhaps fifty feet. The tree, however, might have been passed unnoticed, had it not been crowned by an unusually fine group of toucans. Had I fired at them from the ground, I must have used shot that would have commer-

cially damaged them; while, if we could only get up the tree pretty near them, small-shot would secure them almost uninjured.

Uncoiling the rope, Barra tied to the end opposite the ball a long piece of string, and then taking the ball in his right hand, retreated some twenty paces from the tree, measuring with his eye the distance from the ground of the lowest limb. Poising himself, the ball flew from his hand and fell over the limb, round which, by a dexterous jerk at the same instant, the rope was coiled some four or five times. He had hit the distance so nicely, that the end of the rope now dangled down to within a couple of feet or so of the ground. The string was therefore not needed, and was untied; the object in affixing it being to have a means of readily recovering the rope from the underwood if, as was sometimes the case, it overshot the mark, or became entangled in the branches. Resting my rifle against the trunk, I prepared to ascend, taking with me the string and my game-bag, with the ammunition contained in it. Barra now laid hold of the knotted rope, and kept it as steadily to the ground as possible, while I climbed it hand over hand, and was soon on the limb to which it had been fastened. By means of the string, I now drew up my gun, and proceeded along the limb to the fork of the main trunk. In a minute or two, Barra had joined me, with the provision-bag still round him, there being too many monkeys about, he said, for him to think of risking it below.

We now, as quietly as possible—and that was very quietly indeed, for we were both almost in a state of nature—except toward the top of the tree, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the light dancing through the topmost boughs, and our covey of toucans still quietly preening their feathers, their brilliant breasts glittering in the sun. Barra now took off his waist-cloth, and went immediately beneath the birds, some fifteen feet below them, and made ready to spread the cloth, so as to catch the game with the least possible damage, the moment I had fired. All being ready, I gradually, inch by inch, advanced the muzzle to within perhaps twenty feet of the toucans, and let fly with both barrels. The shot was one of my best. Five first-rate birds fell into Barra's cloth, three only getting away.

As the provision-bag was so handy, we thought we could not now do better than lunch in our leafy retreat, and so spent perhaps half an hour. So luxurious a bower can scarcely be imagined in any but a tropical country. The surpassing richness of the forest scenery was seen to great advantage from our lofty perch; and had there been but a few songsters to relieve the silence, nothing would have been wanting. These, however, were in the thickest shade for an hour or two, to say nothing of my gun having driven them beyond us.

Descending, which required more care than the ascent—not only because it is always easier to climb than to return, but because I was burdened with my toucans, and had to guard them from injury—we came in sight of the limb to which our rope was affixed. Well might we start dismayed! A grave-looking aragato, one of the howling monkeys, (*Myctes ursinus*), was coolly seated on the limb, with the ball in his hand, he having unwound the rope in order more leisurely to inspect it. The weight, as I afterward remembered, seemed greatly to astonish him, as he passed it from one hand to the other, balancing it as he did so. On the impulse of the moment, a shout burst from me at the unprecedented sight—more shame for me!—as a hunter I should have had more presence of mind; but perhaps, after all, nothing could have averted what followed: the monkey, dropping the ball, leaped in an instant to a neighbouring tree, and disappeared. Never did any sound so smite upon my ear, as the sound of that ball bounding on the ground. Even Barra's unconcern in ordinary forest dangers was overcome, and he stood behind me grave and almost trembling. We were, in fact—I did not joke then—a pair of tree'd 'coons.

It was some minutes before we fully realized our position—on the lowest limb of the tree, some fifty feet from the ground, and without any means of reaching it but the string which had drawn up my gun, and which was almost as great a weight as it would bear. It was therefore quite useless so far as we were concerned. On taking counsel together, no way of escape suggested itself, for our scanty clothing, cut into such shreds as would bear us, could not reach, when tied round the limb, above ten feet down. Our bags added

would scarcely have diminished the certainty of a broken neck, and, as the trunk was almost too smooth for a jaguar, we were fairly at our wit's end.

We now took a narrower survey of the tree itself. There did not seem to be anything to fear—no cougar or jaguar marks were visible, nor was there much probability of snakes being found in it, as none but the very largest could compass such a trunk, and they generally prefer a tree overlooking a stream or pool, their prey being thus attracted within an easy distance for the fatal spring. Should anything approach us, however, we had both arms and ammunition. As to food, we were well enough off even for some days, Barra having brought the bag with him, to say nothing of my dearly-bought togeans; but water we had none, nor was there the smallest probability of a drop falling. Our chance of being observed by any passing Indians was small indeed, in a forest the nearest footpath through which was a mile distant; and as to attracting attention by firing, that seemed equally hopeless, as we were known to be out on business, and the report of our arms would, therefore, be thought nothing extraordinary. Time had passed during these cogitations, and it became unpleasantly certain that the night, at least, must be spent in the tree.

As evening drew on, we made a sparing meal, and prepared for such rest as we might be able to obtain. Barra's knife was of good service in cutting some of the smaller branches, which we so disposed in a fork a little above the main one, as to render us tolerably secure from falling, if either of us should doze—sleep we hardly expected. Darkness now came on apace—a darkness that might almost be felt. Even in the day, these forests are somber enough, though pleasantly so, as they shield one from the rays of a blazing sun. Looking toward the patch of savanna, the outlines of our tree could, after we had become used to the "dim obscure," be faintly traced; but, toward the forest, all was solid blackness. While coming on, indeed, the darkness seemed more as if it were something tangible, being poured into the forest from above, filling up the spaces between the trees, and the smaller interstices between the branches—more like this, than a simple deprivation of light. It was oppressively, terribly grand. Soon

after night had thus set in, nocturnal sounds began to greet our ears. They were, of course, not new to us; but in our present situation they seemed invested with double significance. A jaguar came moderately near—to the opposite edge, we thought, of the savanna; on the look-out, probably, for some hog-deer in the open space. Upon the whole, however, the most striking feature was the deep silence that prevailed, except when invaded by these sounds. It made us both, at first, almost afraid to break it by a word, as if we should in some sort be committing sacrilege in thus aggressing upon Night's domain. How strange that this dead silence and darkness, and the ceaseless roar and brightness of Niagara, should affect the mind exactly in the same way! It was so at least with me.

Man's power of adaptation to circumstances is a benign provision. If our misfortune had come upon us at the close instead of in the middle of the day, the probability is that we should not have slept a wink. But having brooded over it for some hours, it was scarcely, I should judge, past midnight, when, in spite of the chilly though calm atmosphere, and our scanty protection from it, we both began to doze, and at length fell asleep. I awoke once or twice afterward, but Barra slept on as though he was swinging in his hammock at home. At an hour before dawn, which I could somehow *feel* was coming, apart from the warning-cries of nocturnal birds and beasts, I became thoroughly aroused, and awoke Barra just as the first streak of light cut like a knife into the forest gloom. He was more rigid than I, not having changed his position for some hours, but soon roused himself, throwing a wondering glance round our nest. A frugal dip into the bag was followed by renewed consultation as to how we should get down. We at length agreed that by the aid of Barra's knife, the string, and our cloths, we should try to make some kind of ladder, by which to release ourselves from our leafy prison. The prospect was not an inviting one, greenheart being one of the heaviest and hardest woods of the colony; and Barra's being the only knife, only one of us could be employed—unless, indeed, that one could tie what the other cut.

This plan was again revised, and at length we commenced making a pole in-

tended to reach the ground, down which we could slide without further damage than perhaps some slight laceration. It was agreed to join the pieces of which our pole must necessarily be composed by a peg and socket—the latter foreshadowing an uncomfortable amount of difficulty and enforced patience. We had not long commenced chopping off a branch, pretty high up, as the first length of our pole, when the three toucans, as I verily believe they were, which had the day before escaped, again settled on the topmost bough. Speedily hearing, however, the noise below them, they flew off, and we saw them no more. From morning to night, with the exception of a short visit to the bag, we worked away, and after all, had not been able to complete more than eighteen feet at most, in three lengths. The two joints, however, answered admirably, having been made sufficiently tight to require some force in screwing home the peg. We suffered much from the want of water, especially as the labor caused us freely to perspire; and we felt some faintness of heart creeping over us as we lay down to rest for the second night.

We slept, notwithstanding—deeply, heavily—and awoke in the morning as before, to recommence a toil that now seemed hopeless. The branches that answered our purpose became scarce; our knife was blunted by the hard wood; and suddenly we at the same moment gave up work, and looked in each other's faces. Whatever he may have found in mine, I read only despair in my companion's, and I turned away my eyes for relief. They made a discovery which caused my heart to leap. On the further side of the next tree to us—that, in fact, by which the monkey had escaped—was a huge liana, large even here, where they twist among the forest, and bind the trees together, like stout ships' cables. It reached within about ten feet of the ground, depending some twenty feet from a limb which our weight would put into no sort of danger, if we could only reach it. And why should we not reach it, by bridging the space between the two trees by means of our pole? It was already long enough, and the idea was no sooner conceived than we set to work it out. Having decided on the most eligible point whence to make the experiment, a careful hoist sent the further end of the pole neatly into a fork of the fur-

ther tree. The joints bore the jerk almost without a sound, and Barra was over in a trice, running catlike along the pole, at a height of perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground. Being a much heavier man, there was the more reason why I should cross in the same way as quickly as possible; but I confess I was afraid; and, on Barra's assurance that it would bear me, I crossed astride, and without mishap—thanks to the exceeding toughness of the wood. We had hardly congratulated ourselves on our success so far, when it simultaneously occurred to us both that the gun, bags, &c., were all in our late nest, and very blank we looked. Barra, however, insisted on immediately returning, and lowering them at once to the ground by the string.

In the mean time, I descended to the limb whence the liana hung, and saw at once that our troubles were at an end. Barra soon joined me, and first slid down. It would not break with him, he said, even if it did with me. On reaching the bottom, however, he told me to follow him, which I did as soon as the oscillation caused by his descent had ceased. Taking up our guns and baggage, which seemed twice as heavy as when we last carried them, we made the best of our way to the river, and never found water so delightful before.

Barra was none the worse for his arboreal sojourn. I contracted a fever, not severe, which lasted for a week or ten days, and which I regretted chiefly because of its shortening the dry season by the term of its duration.

We several times visited the tree afterward, in our rambles through the forest, and on the very last occasion the space between the trees was still bridged by our peg-and-socket pole. It may be there yet, liana bound, to render it the more secure.

SIGNS OF GOODNESS.—If a man be gracious, and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world,—that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If a man be compassionate, it proves his heart to be like the noble tree which is *itself* wounded when it gives forth the balm. If he easily pardons others, it shows that his mind is above injuries. If he be thankful for small benefits, it proves that he weighs men's minds, *not their trash*.

ALLEGRI'S MISERERE.

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, who appears to have been a dignitary of the Church, being styled the reverend, was a native of Rome; the precise date of his birth is unknown, but must have taken place either the latter end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, as he was admitted into the Pope's Chapel in 1729 as a contra-tenor. He was of the family of Correggio, the celebrated painter, who also bore the name of Allegri; and received his musical education from the famous Nanini, who was cotemporary with Palestrina. His vocal abilities were not of a first-rate order, but he was accounted an admirable master of harmony; joined to this, he bore an excellent character for benevolence;—it is said his door was daily crowded by the poor and needy, who never went unrelieved; besides which, he made a practice of visiting the prisons, in order to bestow his alms on distressed and deserving objects.

Among the compositions of Allegri (which were chiefly confined to the Church) is the celebrated *Miserere*, performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday in Passion week, being, for its excellence, reserved for the most solemn occasions. This *Miserere* is composed in five parts; namely, 1st and 2d soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and is written in the key of G minor. In construction it is of great simplicity, and its appearance does not convey any great intelligence of the wonderful impression made by it, when performed in the Pope's Chapel.

The author of a "Tour in Germany" thus relates the manner in which it is performed at Rome, during the solemnities of Lent:—

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the 'concord of human sounds,' forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine Chapel presents on such an occasion,

it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honors, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the Church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed forever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

Although the harmony of this celebrated composition is pure, and (for the time it was written) bearing a considerable share of ingenuity and a peculiar kind of beauty, yet it owes its reputation more to the theatrical manner of performance than to the composition itself. The same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have, by tradition, certain customs and expressions which produce wonderful effects—such as swelling or diminishing the sounds at some particular words, and singing entire verses quicker than others. Some of the greatest effects produced by this piece may perhaps be attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies. The Pope and conclave are all prostrated to the ground, the candles of the chapel and the torches of the balustrades are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of the Psalm is terminated by two choirs, the chapel-master beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point, followed by a profound silence.

The *Miserere* is the fifty-first Psalm, whence Allegri has selected part of the 1st, and the whole of 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 18th verses, and concludes with

part of the 19th. So sacred was this composition at one time held by the Church, that the penalty of a copy was almost tantamount to excommunication; the thunders of the Vatican being hurled against the miserable wretch who dared to disregard its dictates. Padre Martini states, that there were never more than three copies made by authority—one for the Emperor Leopold, another for the King of Portugal, and the third for himself. Respecting the former, the following anecdote is narrated:—

The Emperor Leopold the First, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador to Rome to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Maestro of the Pope's Chapel, and sent to the emperor, who had then in his service some of the best singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, the composition was so far from answering the expectations of the emperor and his court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition.

Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the Papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him nor hear his defense; however, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his *Maestro di Capella* to write down his defense, in order to send it to Vienna, which

was done; and the emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope, that some of the musicians in the service of his Holiness might be sent to Vienna to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* of Allegri.

It is well known that the powers of Mozart's memory were truly astonishing; and the manner in which he obtained a copy of the *Miserere* is highly characteristic and amusing.

When in his fourteenth year, Mozart traveled with his father to Rome, and was invited by the Pope to the Quirinal Palace—this happened just before Easter. While in conversation with his Holiness, he solicited a copy of the *Miserere*; but was refused, in consequence of the prohibition. He then asked permission to attend the only rehearsal, to which he listened with the utmost attention. On quitting the chapel, Mozart spoke not a word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he brought his manuscript carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled up some omissions and corrected some errors in the inner parts, had the satisfaction of knowing that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. It appears that when this manuscript was afterward compared with the one sent by Pope Pius the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany, there was not found the difference of a single note.

Although Allegri set many parts of the Church service with divine simplicity and purity of harmony, yet there does not appear to be a single composition of his, save the *Miserere*, which has withstood the ravages of time. As while he lived he was much beloved, so when he died was he deeply lamented. His death occurred on the 18th of February, 1752, and he was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the chapel of St. Filippo Neri, the place where the singers of the Pontifical Chapel are generally interred, upon the wall of which is engraved the following epitaph:—

Cantores pontifici ne quos vivos,
Concors melodio junxit:
Mortuos corporis,
Discors resolutio dissolverit:
Hic una condi voluere.
Anno 1640.

THE CRUSADES.

OUR last article brought to a close the history of the first crusade. For the better understanding of the second, it will be necessary to describe the interval between them, and to enter into a slight sketch of the history of Jerusalem under its Latin kings, the long and fruitless wars they continued to wage with the unvanquished Saracens, and the poor and miserable results which sprang from so vast an expenditure of zeal, and so deplorable a waste of human life.

The necessity of having some recognized chief was soon felt by the Crusaders, and Godfrey de Bouillon, less ambitious than Bohemund or Raymond of Toulouse, gave his cold consent to wield a scepter which the latter chiefs would have clutched with eagerness. He was hardly invested with the royal mantle before the Saracens menaced his capital. With much vigor and judgment he exerted himself to follow up the advantages he had gained, and marching out to meet the enemy before they had time to besiege him in Jerusalem, he gave them battle at Ascalon, and defeated them with great loss. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his new dignity, being seized with a fatal illness when he had only reigned nine months. To him succeeded his brother, Baldwin of Edessa. The latter monarch did much to improve the condition of Jerusalem and to extend its territory, but was not able to make a firm footing for his successors. For fifty years, the Crusaders were exposed to fierce and constant hostilities, often gaining battles and territory, and as often losing them, but becoming every day weaker and more divided, while the Saracens became stronger and more united to harass and root them out. The battles of this period were of the most chivalrous character, and deeds of heroism were done by the handful of brave knights that remained in Syria, which have hardly their parallel in the annals of war. In the course of time, however, the Christians could not avoid feeling some respect for the courage, and admiration for the polished manners and advanced civilization of the Saracens, so much superior to the rudeness and semi-barbarism of Europe at that day. Difference of faith did not prevent them from forming alliances with the dark-eyed maidens of the East. One of

the first to set the example of taking a Paynim spouse was King Baldwin himself, and these connections in time became not only frequent, but almost universal, among such of the knights as had resolved to spend their lives in Palestine. These Eastern ladies were obliged, however, to submit to the ceremony of baptism before they could be received to the arms of a Christian lord. These, and their offspring, naturally looked upon the Saracens with less hatred than did the zealots who conquered Jerusalem, and who thought it a sin deserving the wrath of God to spare an unbeliever. We find, in consequence, that the most obstinate battles waged during the reigns of the latter kings of Jerusalem were fought by the new and raw levies who from time to time arrived from Europe, lured by the hope of glory or spurred by fanaticism. The latter broke without scruple the truces established between the original settlers and the Saracens, and drew down severe retaliation upon many thousands of their brethren in the faith, whose prudence was stronger than their zeal, and whose chief desire was to live in peace.

Things remained in this unsatisfactory state till the close of the year 1145, when Edessa, the strong frontier town of the Christian kingdom, fell into the hands of the Saracens. The latter were commanded by Zenghi, a powerful and enterprising monarch, and, after his death, by his son Nourheddin, as powerful and enterprising as his father. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the Count of Edessa to regain the fortress, but Nourheddin with a large army came to the rescue, and after defeating the count with great slaughter, marched into Edessa and caused its fortifications to be razed to the ground, that the town might never more be a bulwark of defence for the kingdom of Jerusalem. The road to the capital was now open, and consternation seized the hearts of the Christians. Nourheddin, it was known, was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance upon Jerusalem, and the armies of the cross, weakened and divided, were not in a condition to make any available resistance. The clergy were filled with grief and alarm, and wrote repeated letters to the Pope and the sovereigns of Europe, urging the expediency of a new Crusade for the relief of Jerusalem. By far the greater number

of the priests of Palestine were natives of France, and these naturally looked first to their own country. The solicitations they sent to Louis VII. were urgent and oft repeated, and the chivalry of France began to talk once more of arming in defence of the birthplace of Jesus. The kings of Europe, whose interest it had not been to take any part in the first Crusade, began to bestir themselves in this; and a man appeared, eloquent as Peter the Hermit, to arouse the people as that preacher had done.

We find, however, that the enthusiasm of the second did not equal that of the first Crusade; in fact, the mania had reached its climax in the time of Peter the Hermit, and decreased regularly from that period. The third Crusade was less general than the second, and the fourth than the third, and so on, until the public enthusiasm was quite extinct, and Jerusalem returned at last to the dominion of its old masters without a convulsion in Christendom.

The Crusades appear never to have excited so much attention in England as on the continent of Europe; not because the people were less fanatical than their neighbors, but because they were occupied in matters of graver interest. The English were suffering too severely from the recent successful invasion of their soil, to have much sympathy to bestow upon the distresses of people so far away as the Christians of Palestine; and we find that they took no part in the first Crusade, and very little in the second. Even those who engaged in it were chiefly Norman knights and their vassals, and not the Saxon franklins and population, who no doubt thought, in their sorrow, as many wise men have thought since, that charity should begin at home.

Germany was productive of more zeal in the cause, and her raw uncivilized hordes continued to issue forth under the banners of the cross in numbers apparently undiminished, when the enthusiasm had long been on the wane in other countries. They were sunk at that time in a deeper slough of barbarism than the livelier nations around them, and took, in consequence, a longer period to free themselves from their prejudices. In fact the second Crusade drew its chief supplies of men from that quarter, where alone the expedition can be said to have retained any portion of popularity.

Such was the state of mind of Europe when Pope Eugenius, moved by the reiterated entreaties of the Christians of Syria, commissioned St. Bernard to preach a new Crusade. St. Bernard was a man eminently qualified for the mission. He was endowed with an eloquence of the highest order, could move an auditory to tears, or laughter, or fury, as it pleased him, and had led a life of such rigid and self-denying virtue, that not even calumny could lift her finger and point it at him. He had renounced high prospects in the Church, and contented himself with the simple abbacy of Clairvaux, in order that he might have the leisure he desired to raise his powerful voice against abuses wherever he found them. Vice met in him an austere and uncompromising reprovcr; no man was too high for his reproach, and none too low for his sympathy. He was just as well suited for his age as Peter the Hermit had been for the age preceding. He appealed more to the reason, his predecessor to the passions; Peter the Hermit collected a mob, while St. Bernard collected an army.

One of the first converts he made was in himself a host. Louis VII. was both superstitious and tyrannical, and, in a fit of remorse for the infamous slaughter he had authorized at the sacking of Vitry, he made a vow to undertake the journey to the Holy Land. He was in this disposition when St. Bernard began to preach, and wanted but little persuasion to embark in the cause. His example had great influence upon the nobility, who, impoverished as many of them were by the sacrifices made by their fathers in the holy wars, were anxious to repair their ruined fortunes by conquests on a foreign shore. These took the field with such vassals as they could command, and in a very short time an army was raised amounting to two hundred thousand men. At Vezeli the monarch received the cross from the hands of St. Bernard, on a platform elevated in sight of all the people. Several nobles, three bishops, and his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, were present at this ceremony, and enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross, St. Bernard cutting up his red sacerdotal vestments, and making crosses of them, to be sown on the shoulders of the people. An exhortation from the Pope was read to the multitude, granting remission of their sins to all who should

join the Crusade, and directing that no man on that holy pilgrimage should encumber himself with heavy baggage and vain superfluities, and that the nobles should not travel with dogs or falcons, to lead them from the direct road, as had happened to so many during the first Crusade.

The command of the army was offered to St. Bernard; but he wisely refused to accept a station for which his habits had unqualified him. After consecrating Louis with great solemnity, at St. Denis, as chief of the expedition, he continued his course through the country, stirring up the people wherever he went.

Suger, the able minister of Louis, endeavored to dissuade him from undertaking so long a journey at a time when his own dominions so much needed his presence. But the king was pricked in his conscience by the cruelties of Vitry, and was anxious to make the only reparation which the religion of that day considered sufficient. He was desirous, moreover, of testifying to the world, that though he could brave the temporal power of the Church when it encroached upon his prerogatives, he could render all due obedience to its spiritual decrees whenever it suited his interest or tallied with his prejudices to do so. Suger, therefore, implored in vain, and Louis received the pilgrim's staff at St. Denis, and made all preparations for his pilgrimage.

In the mean time St. Bernard passed into Germany, where similar success attended his preaching. The renown of his sanctity had gone before him, and he found everywhere an admiring audience. The extraordinary tales that were told and believed of the miracles worked by the preacher brought the country people from far and near. Devils were said to vanish at his sight, and diseases of the most malignant nature to be cured by his touch. The Emperor Conrad caught at last the contagion from his subjects, and declared his intention to follow the cross.

The preparations were carried on so vigorously under the orders of Conrad, that in less than three months he found himself at the head of an army containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand effective men, besides a great number of women who followed their husbands and lovers to the war. One troop of them rode in the attitude and armour of men:

their chief wore gilt spurs and buskins, and thence acquired the epithet of the golden-footed lady. Conrad was ready to set out long before the French monarch, and in the month of June, 1147, he arrived before Constantinople, having passed through Hungary and Bulgaria without offense to the inhabitants.

Manuel Comnenus, the Greek emperor, successor not only to the throne but to the policy of Alexius, looked with alarm upon the new levies who had come to eat up his capital and imperil its tranquillity. Too weak to refuse them a passage through his dominions, too distrustful of them to make them welcome when they came, and too little assured of the advantages likely to result to himself from the war, to feign a friendship which he did not feel, the Greek emperor gave offence at the very outset. His subjects, in the pride of superior civilization, called the Germans barbarians; while the latter, who, if semi-barbarous, were at least honest and straightforward, retorted upon the Greeks by calling them double-faced knaves and traitors. Disputes continually arose between them, and Conrad, who had preserved so much good order among his followers during their passage, was unable to restrain their indignation when they arrived at Constantinople. For some offense or other which the Greeks had given them, but which is rather hinted at than stated by the scanty historians of the day, the Germans broke into the magnificent pleasure-garden of the emperor, where he had a valuable collection of tame animals, for which the grounds had been laid out in woods, caverns, groves, and streams, that each might follow in captivity his natural habits. The enraged Germans, meriting the name of barbarians that had been bestowed upon them, laid waste this pleasant retreat, and killed or let loose the valuable animals it contained. Manuel, who is said to have beheld the devastation from his palace windows without power or courage to prevent it, was completely disgusted with his guests, and resolved, like his predecessor Alexius, to get rid of them on the first opportunity. He sent a message to Conrad respectfully desiring an interview, but the German refused to trust himself within the walls of Constantinople. The Greek emperor, on his part, thought it compatible neither with his dignity nor his safety to seek the

German, and several days were spent in insincere negotiations. Manuel at length agreed to furnish the crusading army with guides to conduct it through Asia Minor; and Conrad passed over the Hellespont with his forces, the advanced guard being commanded by himself, and the rear by the warlike Bishop of Freysinghen.

Historians are almost unanimous in their belief that the wily Greek gave instructions to his guides to lead the army of the German emperor into dangers and difficulties. It is certain that, instead of guiding them through such districts of Asia Minor as afforded water and provisions, they led them into the wilds of Cappadocia, where neither was to be procured, and where they were suddenly attacked by the sultan of the Seljukian Turks, at the head of an immense force. The guides, whose treachery is apparent from this fact alone, fled at the first sight of the Turkish army, and the Christians were left to wage unequal warfare with their enemy, entangled and bewildered in desert wilds. Toiling in their heavy mail, the Germans could make but little effective resistance to the attacks of the Turkish light horse, who were down upon them one instant, and out of sight the next. Now in the front and now in the rear, the agile foe showered his arrows upon them, enticing them into swamps and hollows, from which they could only extricate themselves after long struggles and great losses. The Germans, confounded by this mode of warfare, lost all conception of the direction they were pursuing, and went back instead of forward. Suffering at the same time for want of provisions, they fell an easy prey to their pursuers. Count Bernhard, one of the bravest leaders of the German expedition, was surrounded, with his whole division, not one of whom escaped the Turkish arrows. The emperor himself had nearly fallen a victim, and was twice severely wounded. So persevering was the enemy, and so little able were the Germans to make even a show of resistance, that when Conrad at last reached the city of Nice, he found that, instead of being at the head of an imposing force of one hundred thousand foot and seventy thousand horse, he had but fifty or sixty thousand men, and these in the most worn and wearied condition.

Totally ignorant of the treachery of the Greek emperor, although he had been

warned to beware of it, Louis VII. proceeded, at the head of his army, through Worms and Ratisbon, toward Constantinople. At Ratisbon he was met by a deputation from Manuel, bearing letters so full of hyperbole and flattery, that Louis is reported to have blushed when they were read to him by the Bishop of Langres. The object of the deputation was to obtain from the French king a promise to pass through the Grecian territories in a peaceable and friendly manner, and to yield to the Greek emperor any conquest he might make in Asia Minor. The first part of the proposition was immediately acceded to, but no notice was taken of the second and more unreasonable. Louis marched on, and passing through Hungary, pitched his tents in the outskirts of Constantinople.

On his arrival, Manuel sent him a friendly invitation to enter the city at the head of a small train. Louis at once accepted it, and was met by the emperor at the porch of his palace. The fairest promises were made; every art that flattery could suggest was resorted to, and every argument employed, to induce him to yield his future conquests to the Greek. Louis obstinantly refused to pledge himself, and returned to his army convinced that the emperor was a man not to be trusted. Negotiations were, however, continued for several days, to the great dissatisfaction of the French army. The news that arrived of a treaty entered into between Manuel and the Turkish sultan changed their dissatisfaction into fury, and the leaders demanded to be led against Constantinople, swearing that they would raze the treacherous city to the ground. Louis did not feel inclined to accede to this proposal, and, breaking up his camp, he crossed over into Asia.

Here he heard, for the first time, of the mishaps of the German emperor, whom he found in a woful plight under the walls of Nice. The two monarchs united their forces, and marched together along the sea-coast to Ephesus; but Conrad, jealous, it would appear, of the superior numbers of the French, and not liking to sink into a vassal, for the time being, of his rival, withdrew abruptly with the remnant of his legions, and returned to Constantinople. Manuel was all smiles and courtesy. He consoled with the German so feelingly upon his losses, and cursed the stupidity

or treachery of the guides with such apparent heartiness, that Conrad was half inclined to believe in his sincerity.

Louis, marching onward in the direction of Jerusalem, came up with the enemy on the banks of the Meander. The Turks contested the passage of the river, but the French bribed a peasant to point out a ford lower down: crossing the river without difficulty, they attacked the Turks with much vigor, and put them to flight. The Crusaders, on the third day after their victory, arrived at a steep mountain-pass, on the summit of which the Turkish host lay concealed so artfully, that not the slightest vestige of their presence could be perceived. "With laboring steps and slow," they toiled up the steep ascent, when suddenly a tremendous fragment of rock came bounding down the precipices with an awful crash, bearing dismay and death before it. At the same instant the Turkish archers started from their hiding-places, and discharged a shower of arrows upon the foot-soldiers, who fell by hundreds at a time. The arrows rebounded harmlessly against the iron mail of the knights, which the Turks observing, took aim at their steeds, and horse and rider fell down the steep into the rapid torrent which rushed below. Louis, who commanded the rear-guard, received the first intimation of the onslaught from the sight of the wounded and flying soldiers, and, not knowing the numbers of the enemy, he pushed vigorously forward to stay, by his presence, the panic which had taken possession of his army. All his efforts were in vain. Immense stones continued to be hurled upon them as they advanced, bearing men and horses before them; and those who succeeded in forcing their way to the top were met hand to hand by the Turks, and cast down headlong upon their companions. Louis himself fought with the energy of desperation, but had great difficulty to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. He escaped at last under cover of the night, with the remnant of his forces, and took up his position before Attalia. Here he restored the discipline and the courage of his disorganized and disheartened followers, and debated with his captains the plan that was to be pursued. After suffering severely both from disease and famine, it was resolved that they should march to Antioch, which still remained an independent principality under

the successors of Bohemund of Tarentum. At this time the sovereignty was vested in the person of Raymond, the uncle of Eleanor of Aquitaine. This prince, presuming upon his relationship to the French queen, endeavored to withdraw Louis from the grand object of the Crusade—the defence of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and secure his coöperation in extending the limits and the power of his principality of Antioch. The Prince of Tripoli formed a similar design; but Louis rejected the offers of both, and marched, after a short delay, to Jerusalem. The Emperor Conrad was there before him, having left Constantinople with promises of assistance from Manuel Comnenus—assistance which never arrived, and was never intended.

A great council of the Christian princes of Palestine, and the leaders of the Crusade, was then summoned, to discuss the future operations of the war. It was ultimately determined that it would further the cause of the cross in a greater degree if the united armies, instead of proceeding to Edessa, laid siege to the city of Damascus, and drove the Saracens from that strong position.

Though they all agreed upon the policy of the plan, yet every one had his own notions as to the means of executing it. The Emperor Conrad was jealous of the king of France, and the king of France was disgusted with them all. But he had come out to Palestine in accordance with a solemn vow; and he determined to remain to the very last moment that a chance was left of effecting any good for the cause he had set his heart on.

The siege of Damascus was accordingly commenced, and with so much ability and vigor that the Christians gained a considerable advantage at the very outset. For weeks the siege was pressed, till the shattered fortifications and diminishing resistance of the besieged gave evidence that the city could not hold out much longer. At that moment the insane jealousy of the leaders led to dissensions that soon caused the utter failure, not only of the siege, but of the Crusade. A modern cookery-book, in giving a recipe for cooking a hare, says, "First catch your hare, and then kill it"—a maxim of indisputable wisdom. The Christian chiefs, on this occasion, had not so much sagacity, for they began a violent dispute among themselves for the possession of a city

which was still unconquered. There being already a prince of Antioch and a prince of Tripoli, twenty claimants started for the principality of Damascus; and a grand council of the leaders was held to determine the individual on whom the honor should devolve. Many valuable days were wasted in this discussion, the enemy in the meanwhile gaining strength from their inactivity. It was at length, after a stormy deliberation, agreed that Count Robert of Flanders, who had twice visited the Holy Land, should be invested with the dignity. The other claimants refused to recognize him or to coöperate in the siege until a more equitable arrangement had been made. Suspicion filled the camp; the most sinister rumors of intrigues and treachery were set afloat; and the discontented candidates withdrew at last to the other side of the city, and commenced operations on their own account without a probability of success. They were soon joined by the rest of the army. The consequence was that the weakest side of the city, and that on which they had already made considerable progress in the work of demolition, was left uncovered. The enemy was prompt to profit by the mistake, and received an abundant supply of provisions, and refortified the walls, before the Crusaders came to their senses again. When this desirable event happened, it was too late. Saph Eddin, the powerful emir of Mousoul, was in the neighborhood, at the head of a large army, advancing by forced marches to the relief of the city. The siege was abandoned, and the Crusaders returned to Jerusalem, having done nothing to weaken the enemy, but everything to weaken themselves.

The freshness of enthusiasm had now completely subsided; even the meanest soldiers were sick at heart. Conrad, from whose fierce zeal at the outset so much might have been expected, was wearied with reverses, and returned to Europe with the poor remnant of his host. Louis lingered a short time longer, for very shame; but the pressing solicitations of his minister Suger induced him to return to France. Thus ended the second Crusade. Its history is but a chronicle of defeats. It left the kingdom of Jerusalem in a worse state than when it quitted Europe, and gained nothing but disgrace for its leaders.

(To be continued.)

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the party reached Berchtesgaden, they dismounted at the door of the inn, where the boys were to pass the night. Refreshments were offered them, but they felt too miserable to be induced to eat. They lay down, as they were desired, on the bed which had been provided for them, with the feeling that it would be impossible to sleep; but in a short time, quite exhausted by the violent and unusual emotion they had undergone, they sunk into profound repose.

The monk, who was their guardian for the present, and whom we will call Father Eustace, looked at them for a moment as they slept, and then turned away with a sigh. Perhaps he thought of their awaking, and, O! reader, do you know what it is to awake for the first time after a heavy sorrow? None of you may have had such experience, but you have all known that waking after a slight trouble is a sorrowful thing, and that may help you to conceive what it is in deeper affliction. The act of disobedience, the temporary loss of a friend or playfellow, even a broken toy, will produce uneasiness which is lost in the slumbers of the night. When you open your eyes, comes first a sensation of pain, you know not why, and by degrees the full sense of your distress, seeming still more acute from the respite which has been so lately granted. What then, think you, must have been the feelings of Rudolph and Hans when the sun shone brightly upon them, and awoke them the next morning after a day so terrible?

Rudolph started up, and looked wildly around. He turned sick when he remembered all, and sank down again in despair. He wondered how the sun could shine that morning; he would rather it had always remained dark; and he buried his face under the rough coverlid with which the bed was furnished, that he might keep out the light a little longer. He hoped that Hans would not awake yet; he would keep still, for fear of disturbing him. But his movements had already effected what he was so desirous of avoiding, and the sobs and tears of Hans soon roused him to exertion. Had he not promised to forget himself, in order to guard and comfort his younger and weaker bro-

ther? If his lips had not uttered such a vow, his heart had when he accepted the trust his father had confided to him; and could he ever forget that moment? The thought made him a new creature. He had rolled himself up a moment ago with a kind of resolution that he would never rise again, come what might; but now he was bending over his brother, and speaking soothing words, which soon made the little fellow's grief less violent.

They were early desired to prepare for their journey. Father Eustace approached them with a kind face and gentle smile, but Rudolph shrank from him with disgust. He was too intimately associated in the boy's mind with the scene of yesterday to be looked upon patiently at present. The father perceived it, and turned away with a sad smile.

The boys did not refuse food this morning, for they were now greatly in need of it. They had many companions in affliction. About twenty children set off with them from Berchtesgaden, and a sad sight it was to witness their departure. Many a bystander dried the tears which he was afraid of allowing to be seen, while he looked at the pale children, and thought of the parents, wandering homeless and friendless, uncertain of the fate of these poor little ones. Some said it was as it should be; the land would thrive when it was freed from the heretics, and the children would be better under the care of the Church, than under that of parents who had forsaken the true faith. But those who said so were but few.

The two boys traveled for some time silently enough, each engrossed by his own sorrow. All at once Hans drew near to Rudolph, and whispered, "I wish we knew where father and mother are gone. Can you guess, Rudolph?"

Rudolph looked at him for a moment, and then said, "I think, indeed I am almost sure I can, Hans; but we had better not talk of them now."

"No, no, I won't; but just tell me this—Do you think we shall ever, ever in our lives, I mean, get back to them?" And here the little boy's lip quivered, and he could say no more.

"Yes; that we shall," answered Rudolph, quickly; then he checked himself—"you know we shall be men some time, and then we can go where we like, I suppose."

There was some comfort in that thought Hans allowed.

"But don't say anything about going back to father and mother, Hans. It is much better that no one should suppose we ever thought of such a thing."

Hans promised silence, and kept his promise. His mind was in some degree relieved, and, with all the volatility of childhood, he began to be amused with the fresh objects which he saw on the way and to form an acquaintance with some of the children of his own age among whom he found himself.

Compared with the situation of many of the poor children who, in other parts of the country, were thus forcibly separated from their parents, that of our young travelers might be looked upon as an enviable one. The presence of Father Eustace secured them from personal ill-treatment, and there were many who, like Hans, could become cheerful, and at times even playful, as they journeyed along.

Rudolph was not of this number. He was older, and he could comprehend enough of the difficulties of the situation in which his father and mother must be placed, to feel seriously uneasy on their account, as well as on his own. He felt convinced that they would make their way to Prussia; but he was aware that the journey was long, and he knew of no resources they possessed to maintain themselves on the way, beyond the charity of the inhabitants of the countries through which they would pass. But he had heard that the inhabitants of Protestant states received and assisted the emigrants with kindness and sympathy, so he comforted himself as well as he could with that reflection. He did not trouble himself to inquire what they would do when they got there. He had been thinking of Prussia as a place of refuge, till he felt he should consider them safe and happy, if he could only know they had arrived in that country. It was some satisfaction to him to think that he too was traveling in the direction of Prussia, for he knew it lay to the north, and the party had kept a northerly course ever since they had set out from Berchtesgaden.

He thought so much about his parents, that he had no leisure to reflect on his own situation, or to conjecture what might be the fate that awaited him and Hans. He had no curiosity to know where they were

going, and would probably have journeyed some time longer without wondering when they were to stop, or noticing any of the places through which they passed, when, on coming in sight of a city much larger than any town he had ever before beheld, he heard some one mention the name of Salzburgh.

Yes; this was Salzburgh! How often had Rudolph heard this town described, and wished to see it, but with no more idea of ever having his wish gratified, than of beholding the far-distant capitals of Paris or Vienna! In some parts of Germany the young men travel far and wide before settling in their Fatherland, but the inhabitants of Berchtesgaden seldom leave their native valleys, and Rudolph had not imagined that he was likely to depart from the habits of his countrymen. Yet now he was at the gates of Salzburgh, and in a short time within its walls. But he viewed all its magnificence—for magnificent indeed it appeared to him—with little interest. Indeed he felt rather relieved than otherwise, when, turning into a retired part of the city, and entering the gates of an inclosure, which seemed the courtyard of a large building, he was told that the journey was at an end.

Hans shivered as the ponderous gate rang behind them, and they found themselves transported from the bright sunshine, and the life and gayety of the streets, to the somber shade and solemn stillness of this cloistral habitation. It was, in truth, an old monastery, which had been hastily arranged as an asylum for the children of the exiled heretics. Here they were to be brought up under the care of Jesuits, and thus their rulers hoped, in some measure, to counteract the evils which would fall upon the land by the loss of so many of its most industrious occupants. Besides this, the Jesuits knew that a more certain way to make men Catholics than tortures and imprisonment was, to instill the doctrines of Rome into their minds while young. They urged, therefore, that to separate these children from their parents, and to instruct them early in the true faith, was a duty, the performance of which would be in the highest degree acceptable to the Almighty.

The dull monastic regularity of the life led by our young mountaineers, in their new abode, contrasted strangely with their

former habits. Children who had been accustomed to clamber about the mountains with as much freedom as the wild-goat; who had passed the greater part of their time in the open air; and who had never been accustomed to mental exercise, found it irksome beyond measure to be confined to the school-ground for exercise; to be kept for hours entirely within doors; and to be compelled to go through tedious ceremonies, to listen to long prayers, and to be called upon to attend to a course of daily instruction. Very few showed themselves capable of receiving much intellectual culture, and the greater number were exercised in some manual labor, or encouraged to employ themselves in carving wood, which art still supplies many of their countrymen with a slender subsistence.

Rudolph was one of the few who showed a desire and capacity for mental improvement. His father had taught him to read, a rare accomplishment among the mountaineers of Berchtesgaden, and he applied himself with so much diligence to his books, that he made rapid progress. His talent for music was also noticed, and he received instruction in that art, which was highly prized in the monastery. His industry and ability soon brought him into notice. The fathers—for their teachers were all priests and Jesuits—thought that he would one day be an ornament to their order. Still they could scarcely understand him. He was obedient and orderly, but extremely silent and reserved. He communicated neither with his teachers nor his companions, and appeared to take no interest in anything but his brother. Of him he never lost sight for an instant. If Rudolph were ever so busy, Hans seemed to divide his attention with his book, and in the hours of relaxation he hovered round the boy like a guardian spirit.

There was soon cause for watchfulness and anxiety, for Hans fell ill in the course of the winter, so ill, that Rudolph, who had seen but little of sickness, thought he must have died. Many of the children suffered, as well they might, from so complete a change in all their habits. One died, and Rudolph felt all that awe which the young feel when they come for the first time into the presence of the great destroyer. He thought that Hans might soon be carried away forever, like their

poor little companion, and then how could he meet his mother again, and answer her inquiries for her darling boy? He dared not dwell upon this, it was so exquisitely painful, and he tried to drive the thought away from him; but in spite of all his efforts, it would enter his mind very often.

He now felt their desolation doubly. He could not complain of bad usage. If it had not been for the galling sense of the injustice of which they were the victims, which never vanished from the sensitive mind of Rudolph, he might have felt grateful for much that was conferred upon them. The patient was better nursed and more skillfully treated than he could have been at home, and at other times no one had been used with cruelty. The teachers in the establishment were indeed stern when boys were intractable, but Rudolph had no occasion to complain of them, except when, as was sometimes the case, they descanted to the children on the wickedness of their parents, and of the certainty of these dear relations incurring the divine vengeance for their abominable heresy. Such discourses were intended as warnings, and they did frighten some of the boys, and make them cry. Rudolph only grew angry, for he did not believe one word of all this, and on these occasions he had difficulty in concealing his indignation.

It is true Father Eustace never talked in this strain. He was always kind and gentle; but he was the director of the establishment, and the boys had little individual intercourse with him. Rudolph shrank from him when he did approach, for he felt as if Father Eustace had been in some way the cause of all their sufferings. But, if nobody oppressed them, there was nobody to love them—not a single person in all that large school cared whether they were dead or alive, and Rudolph felt sometimes as if he did not care either.

One day Hans seemed more restless and ill than he had previously been. His fever ran very high for many hours, his mind wandered strangely, and nothing that was administered tended in the least to compose him. Toward evening, however, he sank into sleep, and, broken and disturbed as his slumbers were, they were hailed with thankfulness by his attentive nurse. It was some comfort to Rudolph that he was allowed to assume this office

himself, for to have been absent from the patient while in so critical a state would have considerably augmented his distress. This evening he was very tired. He had had little sleep for several nights, and being unaccustomed to watching, and exhausted by anxiety, he was completely worn out. As he knelt by the bedside, with his head resting on his hands, he yielded in spite of himself to the drowsy feeling which came over him, and was soon as profoundly asleep as if he had been in his own bed in his father's cottage. He would perhaps have slept till morning, if he had not been disturbed by his brother's voice, at the sound of which he started up, with a feeling of shame at having neglected his duty. But he was not wanted; another person was attending to Hans at that moment. The director himself stood by the bedside, administering some medicine or cordial to the sick child. He then arranged the pillows, and smoothed the couch, with as much tenderness as the boy's mother could herself have manifested, and with far more skill. As he turned to leave the room, he whispered, "Go to bed, Rudolph, your brother is better, and will soon be quite well. I think he will rest to-night, and I am much mistaken if you do not find him a different person to-morrow." He laid his hand on Rudolph's head, gave him the customary blessing, and glided away.

The father was right; Hans awoke the next morning quite himself, though very weak and languid. Rudolph felt almost happy all the day, so great a load was taken off his heart by this amendment. Hans passed a comfortable day, and when the director, who had been too busy to visit him before evening, entered his room, he was again fast asleep.

Rudolph received Father Eustace with a smile. It was the first time the priest had ever seen one on the boy's face, and he smiled too, as he seated himself by the patient's bedside. "I was a true prophet," said he, in a low voice, after looking for some moments at the sleeping boy; "he is much better to-night; a few days will quite restore him."

Rudolph looked up with a countenance expressive of grateful joy.

"You love your brother very much, Rudolph," said Father Eustace, with such an expression of tenderness in his worn features, that for a moment Rudolph's pre-

judices vanished, and he felt that he had a friend by his side, instead of one by whom he had been most cruelly wronged.

"Love him!" answered he, and his tears fell as he spoke; "indeed—indeed, sir, I do! you cannot tell how much I love him!"

"Yes, Rudolph, I think I can," returned the father, with a smile. "I too had a brother," continued he after a pause, "a brother who was as dear to me as Hans is to you. I too watched beside his sick bed, longer than you will watch, I hope; but I never saw him rise from it: he died in my arms, and I shall see him no more, till we meet in a better world above."

Rudolph looked interested, and his tears flowed from sympathy. After awhile, he said, "But you could do without him better than I can do without Hans; you had a father or mother, or some friend left, I daresay, and I have no one but him."

"No, Rudolph, he was the last. Father, mother, wife, and child, (for I was once a father myself,) were all gone, and my poor Victor and I were left, all in all to each other. I was nearly old enough to be his father, and I loved him with the love of a father and of a brother too. I worked for him and with him, and looked forward to the day when he should fulfill the promise of his youth, and be numbered among the great and good of the earth. Vain thoughts! vain hopes! the grave closed upon him, and I was indeed alone!"

"O how did you bear it?" cried Rudolph; for the feelings of brotherly affection which they experienced in common had created confidence between the lowly scholar and the dignified director, and all awe of the former for the latter had vanished in sympathy with his sufferings. "What did you do after such a loss?"

"As soon as I could feel that it was God's doing, and that I ought to submit to his chastisement, I dedicated myself to his service, and endeavored to devote the love, which had before been lavished upon one, to the welfare of all my brethren."

"And who are they?" asked Rudolph.

"Does not our religion teach us that all men are our brethren?" returned the priest.

"Then we are your brothers?"

"Surely, my son."

"You act to me and Hans now like a brother or a father," said Rudolph; "but O!" and here his voice choked, and the old feelings rose in his mind, "why did you take us from our parents?"

"Why did I compel this poor child to drink a bitter potion?" returned the priest. "Was it not for his own benefit? If I had not possessed resolution to inflict upon him a momentary suffering, he would have been still tormented by pain and fever, instead of enjoying this quiet slumber."

Rudolph could not see that the cases resembled each other. He thought that no good, but a great deal of misery, had resulted from snatching them from their parents, and driving those parents from their homes, friendless and unprotected. He could not help saying something of what he felt.

"Beware, my son," said the father, with some degree of severity; "you talk of what you do not understand. It is your duty to submit to what the Church decrees; mine to obey her commands. Let us fulfill our appointed tasks, without murmuring because they are so hard."

Rudolph had too much respect for the director and too little command of argument to make further answer; but he did not feel that it was the duty of any one to commit injustice; and he could not believe that any power on earth had a right to deprive him of the protectors given him by God himself. Perhaps his countenance betrayed something of his feelings; for Father Eustace said no more just then about the authority of the Church. He had heard his father say, that all things worked together for good to those who loved God; and, hard saying as that had often seemed, now that his heart was softened by mercy, Rudolph felt that it might be true—true even for him and his parents. He was happier that night than he had been for many weeks; and, after bidding the director good night, was soon fast asleep.

It was not so with Father Eustace. He retired to his cell; but a large portion of the short space of time which he allowed himself for repose elapsed before he lay down upon his pallet. He paced restlessly about the narrow room, his head sunk on his bosom. At length he stopped, and raising his eyes, they accidentally fell on a picture of the Virgin, which was the

only ornament of that simple apartment. It was one of the most beautiful productions of the Italian school; for Father Eustace was a man of rare taste and knowledge in the arts; and, when he gave up all worldly luxuries, he had reserved this as an appropriate addition to the furniture of his solitary cell. He had placed his lamp in a niche of the wall, where its light fell full on the face of the Madonna. Her eyes, just raised from the child on her knee, met his. They had been accustomed to look full of love and encouragement, now their expression was that of grave reproach. They seemed to lay to his charge the grief of children, the despair of parents, and to forbid his approach to the mother of the Redeemer with a conscience burdened with so great a weight of human anguish.

"What could have been done?" muttered the priest; "the Church had no choice but to snatch these innocents from their heretic guides, or consign them to everlasting destruction—to cleanse the land of the corrupted sheep, or to give it up as the heritage of Satan."

"Do not evil that good may come," seemed to be uttered by the lips of the Virgin Mother, in solemn answer to his appeal.

He covered his face with his hands as he murmured:—"Illusions sent by Satan to withdraw me from my allegiance to the Church. God help me, or I too may become a heretic!" And he turned away from the remonstrances of reason and conscience, those guides given by God for our direction, as if they had been temptations of the evil one.

Father Eustace was a man of great conscientiousness, lofty powers of reason, and earnest piety; but, from his earliest childhood, he had been accustomed to consider the authority of the Church as identical with that of God; and, therefore, to believe it his duty to submit implicitly to her decrees. Reason and conscience were thus compelled to bow to the decisions of popes and bishops; but they would at times make themselves heard, and hence arose a struggle in the mind of Father Eustace, to which a less sincere or a less penetrative mind would have been a stranger. Perhaps none of the victims of this iniquitous persecution suffered more than this man, though he was one of its instruments. He was too hu-

mane to contemplate even necessary and inevitable suffering without pain, and, in spite of his habitual reverence for the authority in obedience to which he saw children snatched from their parents, and parents driven from their homes, doubts would at times intrude as to the rectitude of such proceedings. But these doubts were hastily banished, instead of being entertained and examined. He was accustomed to regard them as the reluctance of his own weak and sinful nature to perform a painful duty, perhaps even as the suggestions of the tempter, and they were scrupulously confessed and sincerely expiated. Only after prayer and penance, and not till exhausted by watching and anxious thought, did he lie down to rest this night. Perhaps it was the weakness which he consequently experienced that made him feel that his life could not be long.

"It will soon be over," he said to himself, "this time of doubt, of error, and of fear. In thy kingdom there will be nothing but truth, light, and love. There I shall be restored to those blessed saints, of whom these precious relics are but the sad memorial. Lord, hasten the hour of my departure!"

The priest's relics were three locks of hair. One was a long, black, shining curl; one fair and silky, and so fine and short, that it must have been cut from an infant's brow; the other, a thick tress of a rich chestnut brown. Father Eustace kissed them tenderly, as he returned them to the receptacle, and placed them beneath his pillow.

CHAPTER V.

HANS soon recovered; for children of his age, possessed of a good constitution, speedily rally when disease is once subdued. Perhaps he looked less rosy and plump than he used to look at home; but he was strong and cheerful, for he had become more reconciled to his condition, and pined less for his parents. Rudolph, now that his anxiety was at an end, sank back into his quiet reserve, busying himself with his books, and holding little communication with any one except his brother. He was kind to all the children, particularly to the younger ones, being ever ready to do a kind action, and to comfort those in distress. He spoke to no one of the thoughts with which his

mind was continually filled. It might be that he knew not whom to trust, or that he would not involve any one in the trouble which the schemes he already began to revolve in his mind might bring upon himself. At any rate he was silent, except upon the most indifferent subjects. He never alluded to their former life, nor spoke of their parents. If any of the others referred to the past, he turned the conversation into another channel as soon as possible.

Ever since the illness of Hans, Father Eustace had watched Rudolph with peculiar interest. He thought he recognized great qualities in the boy, which, by cultivation, might make him a useful member of the Jesuit order, if he could be induced to dedicate himself to the Church. The father sincerely believed that this was the worthiest calling to which man could devote himself; and that by endeavoring to lead the boy to embrace it, he was promoting his temporal and eternal welfare.

The other instructors were far from feeling the predilection for our young friend which was entertained by the director.

"It is all very well," said Father Matthew, a fat, comfortable-looking priest, when his superior was one day praising Rudolph's industry;—"it is all very well to be industrious," and he shrugged his shoulders; "but I would rather see a boy docile, and ready to be instructed, than always poring over books, and never listening to the wholesome doctrine which we are willing to teach him."

"Have patience," returned the director; "the time will come, I doubt not, when he will gratefully receive your instructions. Until time has in some measure effaced his earlier impressions let him take his own way to improve himself."

"If he really is improving himself," said the other, "it will be all very well; but I do not like this presumptuous seeking after knowledge. It is a way to heresy. I fear, indeed, young as he is, he already entertains some of those cursed opinions. We are slack in our duty. We ought to investigate this matter, and purge his mind from these abominations."

"Let him alone," was the answer; "continue to minister to him with care and tenderness, and, depend upon it, our

faith will be better recommended to his young mind by these means than by anything you could do to force him to embrace it. What is he studying so intently?"

"It is a map," returned Father Matthew; "he is always poring over maps and charts: it is a strange fancy! Of what use can such knowledge be to him? When I was young I was satisfied with such information as fitted me to perform the holy offices without seeking after learning that could never profit me."

The director had no difficulty in believing the worthy father's statement. He could scarcely restrain a smile as he answered, "Be assured God never gives a talent in vain. Some measure of curiosity and enterprise was perhaps necessary to aid the burning love which has led our missionaries into savage lands, and among savage people, to save a ruined race. There they work the work of angels! Would to God my lot had been cast with theirs!"

Father Matthew opened his eyes wide with astonishment. No man could have more to say about the torments of martyrs and the sufferings of missionaries than he; but he possessed little of the courage and self-denial which could make a man either the one or the other, and he could not comprehend the wish to exchange the ease and security of the cloister for the labors and perils of the wilderness. He did not understand that, to a mind like that of Father Eustace, such scenes as those in which he had been compelled to bear a part in Salzburgh were more terrible than hunger, thirst, or the many other sufferings of the desert.

Meanwhile they had approached Rudolph, and the director bent over him to observe the object which so completely engrossed his attention. A map of Germany was spread out before him. His finger followed the course of the Salza till it joined the Inn; then traced the latter river onward to the town of Passau, where it unites with the Danube. Here it paused.

"Behold, Rudolph," said the director, and the boy started at his voice, and colored deeply when he found himself observed—"behold the effects of union. The Salza and the Inn are, separately, insignificant rivers, but, united, they form a noble stream. The Danube is com-

paratively inconsiderable till it receives their united waters, but, increased by these tributaries, it rolls on, a mighty river, bearing on its ample bosom ships laden with merchandise, and enriching the lands through which it passes with the benefits of commerce. Thus our brotherhood, strong in union, has borne the waters of salvation to many an arid land. Who would not be a tributary to such a stream?"

Father Eustace traced the course of the Danube, and gave a short account of some of the countries through which it passes. Rudolph listened attentively, but with something of embarrassment.

"You are fond of geography, Rudolph," said he. Rudolph answered in the affirmative. "If you like to read accounts of foreign countries, I will lend you some books written by our missionaries in America. They have traveled far in those distant regions, and as they have the knowledge and ability to describe what they see, it is to them principally that we are indebted for what information we possess of the provinces they have visited. How would you like to travel so far from home?"

Rudolph answered, as probably most boys would have answered such a question, that he did not know. He thought to himself that the countries through which he wished to travel were not so far distant. However, he thanked the director, and said he should like much to read the promised books.

"There is something wrong," observed Father Matthew, with a sapient shake of the head, as soon as they turned away; "did you see how he colored, and how confused he looked, when you spoke to him?"

"Not unnatural in a boy of his age, when so suddenly accosted by his masters," returned the director.

"Well, well; we shall see, we shall see!" said Father Matthew. And with this prophecy, of the fulfillment of which there could be no doubt whatever, the conversation closed.

CHAPTER VI.

It might be supposed, from the wording of Father Matthew's prediction, that its signification was somewhat indefinite: but it appeared that the worthy father himself was by no means of that opinion; for, one

evening, when Rudolph and Hans did not appear at the cloister, after having been sent an errand, he exclaimed, "I always said it would be so!"

It was many months since he had uttered the profound observation with which our last chapter closed, and with the lapse of time the boys had obtained a greater degree of liberty than they had at first enjoyed. Indeed, the elder ones were now employed in performing those offices which in monastic houses generally fall to the share of lay-brothers; and this, leading to their being absent from the cloister for several hours at a time, rendered their condition less monotonous. Rudolph had that day been sent on a distant expedition, and had requested that Hans might be allowed to accompany him. Father Matthew had at first refused; but he always withheld his permission at the first asking, having the idea that saying No kept up his authority. However, he consented just before Rudolph left the house, and Hans went. When the names of the boys were called over at night, neither he nor Rudolph was there to answer. And now all was excitement and conjecture. Late as it was, the director dispatched messengers to the place whither they had been sent, for he feared that an accident might be the cause of their nonappearance. Father Matthew raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head—signs which, like his former prophecy, might be interpreted hereafter according to the event. If he had any conjectures at all concerning the absence of the boys, they were very vague. Some suspicion of their being spirited through the air by demons or witches, with both of whom all heretics were in league, floated through his imagination. That they had voluntarily fled, with no abettor but their own will, and no aid but in their own energy, was a notion which never entered his head for an instant. He would never have dreamed of such an undertaking himself; how, then, could he attribute it to others?

Nevertheless, thus had they departed; and if the good father could have taken a peep at them just then, he would have seen them in the hollow of a rock, about thirty miles distant, which they had chosen for their resting-place for the night. He would have pitied them, too; for of warmth, food, and all the other comforts which are indifferent to none, and which

certainly formed an important item in his estimate of human happiness, they then possessed but a very moderate portion. There they were, crouching over the fire which they had kindled as much for the sake of its cheerful appearance, as for protection from the cold and damp of the night air. It seemed a little less lonely as the wood blazed and crackled; and, tired as they were, they looked about for more sticks before it was quite dark, in order to keep the fire up until they could go to sleep. Then they ate their supper. It consisted of a scanty supply of dry bread, which Rudolph had brought with him, and which he had been for some time saving from his daily allowance in preparation for his intended flight. He took the precaution of reserving a portion of his store for breakfast, so that the share for the evening meal was not sufficiently large to detain them very long at supper.

When it was finished, they sat for some time by the fire, for, although very tired, they were not so sleepy as they had been at their noonday rest. Hans was a little nervous; he was a very timid child, and did not like spending the night in this lonely spot, with no one near but Rudolph. He started when a large moth flew by, attracted by the flame; and when an owl hooted at no great distance from the place of their encampment, he inquired anxiously what that noise was. Rudolph endeavored to divert his thoughts by talking; but, as is common when people try to make a conversation, he could find very little to say. He wondered what would be said at the cloister when they were missed. This seemed to interest Hans, for he took up the discourse at once.

"How Father Matthew would stare!" he said, "and how he would send the boys to look about for them in all manner of unlikely places;" that was to say, when he really comprehended they were missing, for it was always a long time before Father Matthew could comprehend anything. Hans thought of the poor priest, with his fat face expressive of bewilderment, as he had seen it sometimes with less cause, till, tired as he was, he laughed outright.

"Don't laugh, Hans," said Rudolph; "I can't bear to think of our going away as we did, although I could not help it."

"What do you mean?" asked Hans.

"Why, it seems deceitful to undertake

their errands, and then to run away instead of doing them; and I wish I could have got away by any other means," said Rudolph.

"I don't think you had much choice about undertaking the errand," said Hans; "and I am sure we are not bound to obey their commands when we can avoid it: they have no right to order us—no right to take charge of us at all."

"I know that," returned Rudolph; "and I believe I have done right in contriving to escape, and go in search of father and mother. But, though I have told no lies, I have kept my intentions secret, and done my best to prevent their being suspected; and there is something false in that. I would rather it had been otherwise."

"You need not trouble yourself about it," said Hans, stoutly; "you have done nothing wrong, I am sure. Ask father when we see him."

"I wish I could ask him," sighed Rudolph.

"Do you think we shall be followed to-morrow?" asked Hans.

"I think they will search for us in different directions, and we shall certainly be in more danger of discovery than we have been to-day. They would not expect us back until this afternoon; then they would wait some time before they made any inquiry, thinking we might be loitering—if they remembered anything about us. But to-night we shall be missed, and to-morrow, most likely, we shall be sought; so we had better avoid the high roads, and make the best of our way early in the morning."

"Surely, surely, they won't overtake us!" cried Hans.

"O, no, I don't think there is any danger of their finding us among the woods and hills; but we had better lie down and go to sleep, for I should like to awake very early, and be off again."

"There is no use in lying down just yet, Rudolph; I cannot go to sleep. Just tell me this—What made you take such a sudden fit as to set off to seek father and mother this morning? Did you ever think of it before?"

Yes, Rudolph said, he had thought of it, and intended it ever since they entered the cloister; he had only waited for an opportunity to escape. Hans was astonished. Whatever he thought about, he very speedily communicated to somebody

else, and he could not imagine how any one could keep his designs locked up within his own bosom.

"Then I suppose you were thinking of this when you walked about sometimes, taking no notice of anything about you, and the boys used to say you were asleep with your eyes open. But you might have told me; I would never have said a word."

Rudolph did not feel so sure of this, but he answered, "It would have done no good; you would only have been very uneasy if I had."

"Well, perhaps so. I daresay I should have felt as if everybody knew all about it, and was continually watching me. But why did you not set off before? We might have got away two months ago."

"We should not have found it very agreeable to have passed the night here, so early in the season," said Rudolph; "it is chilly enough as it is, and we shall have many more such lodgings before we reach Prussia."

"Shall we?" said Hans; and his face grew a little longer.

"You know I told you, Hans, that we should have many hardships and much fatigue to go through; but the morning was so fine, and you were in such high spirits, that I am afraid you did not pay much attention. Perhaps you would not have consented to come, if you had?"

Yes, Hans thought he should; but walking on a fine spring morning, before they were so very tired, and passing the night in a place like this, were two very different things.

"Well, you will be rested in the morning, and the sun will shine again, I hope; so lie down on the dry leaves, which really make a very good bed, and try to go to sleep."

Hans did sleep before Rudolph, for the latter had now that feeling of care and responsibility on his young mind, which is so much more effectual than cold and fatigue in searing away "tired nature's sweet restorer." He had taken the first step toward the execution of the design, which had filled his whole soul from the fatal day when he was deprived of liberty and home. There was no daring back now. Whether baffled or successful, he must take the consequences of his boldness, and so must Hans—a thought which greatly increased his anxiety. That they

should be overtaken, he would not believe. The other and more cheering view of the case had enough of anxiety in it. He had some idea of the extent of the countries between him and the Baltic, and he knew that the greater part of them must be traversed before his object was effected. Then how was he to find those whom he sought, even should he reach the promised land in safety.

Thanks to Rudolph's ignorance and inexperience, he did not perceive all the difficulties that lay before him; and, thanks to his youth and buoyancy, hope was as strong within him as in any child of fortune whose future is most promising. Still he watched the night-clouds, and listened to the night-wind, long after the light breathing of Hans announced that he had sunk into slumber; and when he did sleep, he journeyed forth in imagination, beset with hinderances, which sometimes made him start so as to provoke an impatient expression from his companion, who crept as close to him as possible for the sake of warmth and shelter.

When they awoke in the morning, their limbs felt stiff and painful, from the exercise of the day before, as well as from the damp and cold of their out-of-door resting-place. They finished the fragments of their bread and cheese—a slender breakfast upon which to commence a day of toil—and then set out again. It would seem strange to most travelers to undertake a journey with such a slender knowledge of the country as was possessed by our young adventurer. The only means he had of directing his course was by a route he had marked out for himself on the maps over which he was so fond of poring. He had determined to make his way to Passau, (a town on the Bavarian frontier,) and then to cross at once into Bohemia, where, at any rate, they would feel secure from again falling into the hands of their enemies. Had they dared to travel on the high roads, and to ask information as they went along, the design of reaching Passau would not have been difficult to put into execution; for Rudolph had taken care to inform himself of the names of some of the places through which they must pass on their way thither. But while in the neighborhood of Salzburch, it would have been dangerous to ask questions. The only thing to be done this day was to strike across the country

as nearly as possible in the same direction as the road which led to Lauffen, the nearest town, and the place which, had they dared to enter it, would have been the terminus of that day's march. It was so early when they started, that Rudolph thought they might venture to keep along the high road for an hour or two, without any risk of encountering travelers. The only thing they met was a wagon, and, as they had perceived it at a distance, they crept into some bushes, and hid themselves until it had passed. At sunrise they turned from the road; and now the difficulties of traveling began in good earnest. Besides the uncertainty of their course, they encountered many obstacles: tangled woods to be pressed through, steep precipices to be descended, rapid streams to be forded—all which hinderances would have been avoided if they could have kept the beaten track. They toiled along, however, in tolerable spirits, till, to his great dismay, Rudolph discovered that he had lost every trace of the way. He had labored to keep the high road in view, and, by climbing a hill or a tree from time to time, he had managed to steer his course in the same direction for awhile. But now every trace of it had vanished; nor was there a path of any kind to be seen. They had arrived at a wild, heath-like plain, with no trace of cultivation as far as the eye could reach. All that could be done was to keep a northward course, and this Rudolph did, to the best of his power, by observing the position of the sun.

They walked on, until, quite exhausted by fatigue and hunger, they sat down on the grass to rest. Hans began to cry. In the irritation which his exhausted state produced, he forgot all his hopes of again seeing his parents, all the confinement and other hardships from which he had escaped, and only mindful of his present sufferings, could not refrain from blaming Rudolph as the cause of his trials. "I am so tired," he whimpered, "and my feet are so sore. I can't walk any more, I'm sure; and I'm so hungry, too, for I had not half enough to eat at breakfast. I wish we had not run away, Rudolph; we had plenty to eat at the cloister, and we shall be starved to death here. It's all your doing."

Poor Rudolph! his heart was full enough before, for anxiety of mind and fatigue of

body had exhausted his strength and enfeebled his nerves, and this reproach was more than he could bear. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

Selfish and querulous people are sometimes recalled to reason by the effect of their own hasty and unreasonable words. Hans now remembered that Rudolph had suffered quite as much as he, and had, moreover, contented himself with the smaller share of supper and of breakfast, and had given up the warmest sleeping-corner, in order that he might be more comfortable. When he thought of these things, he felt that it was unfair, by unkind words and reproaches, to add to his brother's hardships, and immediately tried to soothe him, to the best of his power.

"Do n't cry, Rudolph, do n't cry! I did not mean to say that; but what are we to do? Pray, tell me!"

Rudolph soon recovered himself.

"I told you, Hans, before we set off, that we should have all this to bear," said he; "but I was afraid you did not think much about it."

"I suppose I did not know what it was," said poor Hans.

"I suppose not, and I am almost sorry we came away, since you find hunger and weariness so hard to bear. But there is no use in thinking of that now; here we are, and we must do the best we can for ourselves, without looking backward. Sit still and rest, while I go to the top of that little hill. I will look out if there is any sign of a house, and if so, we must make the best of our way to it, and ask for help. Be sure not to go away from this place before I return."

Hans promised to remain where he was, and while Rudolph went away to reconnoitre, he proceeded to inspect his inflamed and blistered feet with a considerable degree of tenderness and compassion.

Arrived at the top of the hill, Rudolph looked eagerly and earnestly around, but to no purpose. He could discover no trace of human habitation, and with a heavy heart returned to the spot where he had left his brother. He shook his head sadly, in answer to the look of inquiry with which Hans greeted him.

"What *shall* we do?" inquired the latter.

"We must go on until we come to some house or village," was the answer.

"I can't go just yet, Rudolph, I am

so very tired, and my feet are so sore. Just look at this blister," said Hans, piteously.

"Well, we will wait a short time and rest," answered Rudolph; so Hans stretched himself on the grass, and was soon fast asleep. Rudolph was too weary to watch long, though he had intended to keep awake, and rouse Hans after a brief repose. His eyes grew heavy as he lay gazing on the wide heath, and sleep surprised him before he was aware of its approach.

They both slept profoundly; they did not know how long; but when Rudolph awoke, he was roused from a terrible and distressing dream, which seemed to have endured for hours. He thought he and Hans were benighted on their journey, and that, O horror! they were pursued by a pack of hungry wolves, from whose destructive jaws it seemed impossible to escape. He heard the bark of the creatures near; he felt their breath on his face, and started to his feet in such an agony of terror, that at first he scarcely knew where he was, or what was the matter.

There was a bark, however, of that he was certain; and he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that the animal, which seemed almost as much startled as himself, was nothing but a friendly dog. A hearty laugh behind him caused him to turn his head. A stout, good-humored-looking countryman was approaching, apparently much amused by the rencontre.

"So, Waldmann, old fellow," he said, as he drew near, "you bolted as if you had started a goblin from the grass; and you, youngster, asleep at this time of day on the open heath! What are you doing here?"

Rudolph muttered something about being tired with walking, and having lain down for awhile to rest.

"And where are you going?" was the next question.

"To—to—to Passau," answered Rudolph, in a very hesitating manner. He had forgotten that such questions as these must be put to him, and had not decided how they were to be answered.

"To Passau!" rejoined the countryman: "that's a very long way from here. You hardly thought of reaching Passau in this day's journey, I should think. Where are you making to for the night,

for it is drawing near sunset, and this is no place to put up at?"

"We have lost our way," said Rudolph, "and I scarcely know where we are, or which way to go for a shelter."

"You must have lost your way, indeed, or you would not be here," said the stranger; "but take my advice, and be moving. I can guide you across the common by a better road than you can find for yourselves. Wake up your comrade, and come along with me."

When Hans was awake, it was difficult to make him exert himself. His feet were more swelled and painful for this temporary repose, and the sensation of hunger had become still more intolerable. He wept bitterly as he limped along, and their new friend rallied him a little, and called him a chicken-hearted traveler. Hans was in no condition to bear a joke, and his tears flowed the faster.

"He is hungry and tired," said Rudolph, in excuse for his weakness; "we have been walking since sunrise, and we have scarcely eaten a mouthful to-day."

"Poor little fellow," said the countryman, "we must mend that, if we can. But where have you come from, that you are found here rambling, where there is neither path to guide nor house to shelter you, instead of keeping along the high road as other travelers do?"

Rudolph paused a few moments, then he spoke the truth—he came from Salzburg.

From Salzburg! and going to Passau! What was their business in Passau?

Rudolph answered, that they intended to go into Bohemia to join their parents, who had gone before them.

The man looked sharply at them as he heard the last words.

"It is strange," he said, after a moment's pause, "for your parents to leave such boys as you are to travel alone." Perhaps he observed Rudolph's embarrassment, for he added, "May-be there was no help for it; many have left Salzburg of late without their own good-will, I fancy. Well, well," he continued, with the air of a man who wishes for no further explanation, "you must go home with me for the night. If you were fresh and able, you might reach the next village before dark, but you will hardly manage it in your present condition."

Rudolph was very grateful, for he felt

as if he could not have gone much further without rest and refreshment. He expressed himself warmly.

"Say no more about it," was the answer; "but hark ye, let me tell your tale for you to my good wife. You don't seem very well able to give an account of yourselves."

Martin Schmidt had his own reasons for this request. He had a wife whom he was accustomed to consider a very clever woman, and a wonderful manager, and who certainly far outshone himself in the homely virtue of prudence. Margot was upon the whole a good-natured and well-meaning person, but she held, as a fundamental maxim of her morality, that charity begins at home. Personal sacrifices for the sake of husband and children she was ready enough to make, but she did not conceive it to be incumbent on herself or Martin to help other people, when it could only be done by some infringement on the well-being of their own family circle. Not many days back, Martin had got into disgrace with her for giving away half their last loaf to a wayfarer, before the children had got their supper; and a short time before, a quarrel having taken place between a rich and powerful neighbor and a poor and insignificant one, he had been guilty of the still less pardonable delinquency of interfering in favor of the weaker party.

"Martin Schmidt," she said to him on this occasion, "thou art a fool! What matter is it to thee who is right or who is wrong? But it will matter, if thou makest thyself an enemy who is powerful enough to do thee mischief."

Knowing this trait in the good woman's character, Martin was very anxious that she should not suspect, as he himself did, that his young guests were connected with the banished heretics. Indeed, the rigor which was exercised toward all who befriended those unfortunate people was enough to excuse some backwardness in offering help to any supposed to belong to them. But prudent doubts never entered the head of Martin Schmidt, when his heart was touched by the sight of suffering. He took Hans by the hand, helped him over the rough places in the road, and so cheered both the boys with his hearty voice, that they performed the hour's walk which remained better than might have been expected. They crossed the heath,

and entered a forest, with every track of which their guide seemed perfectly acquainted, for he led them through its most tangled mazes with as much security as if there had been a beaten path. It was growing dark when Waldmann gave a bark, which was answered by a merry shout from young voices, and a sudden turn brought them to the door of a cottage, the abode of the woodcutter; for such was the calling of our friend Martin.

"Here's father! here's father!" cried his children, and they clung round him so as to prevent for a minute his entrance at the open door.

"Bless the little fools, one would think their father had never been out of their sight in his life before," said the good man; and kissing first one and then another, he contrived to make his way into the house, where he was received by the housewife with a salute so warm as to leave no doubt that his absence from home must have been longer than usual. "O, Martin!" cried she, "I'm right glad to see you back again, so many things want looking after. But whom have you here?" she inquired, as soon as she was aware that Martin was not alone.

"Only two lads, who are going to Lauf-fen, and have lost their way in trying to make a short cut across the heath," answered Martin, carelessly; "we must take them in to-night. They'll do the same for me when I travel their way, I have no doubt."

Hospitality is a virtue of which there is no lack among the German peasantry, and though, perhaps, Margot would rather her husband had returned alone, a feeling strengthened by a rapid calculation of the contents of her larder, she received her unexpected guests with tolerable courtesy, while the children greeted them with a hearty and boisterous welcome.

There was plenty of supper for everybody, and never did epicure relish the most luxurious repast more than the hungry boys the coarse bread and cheese which Margot placed before them for the evening's meal. When they had finished, Hans became so drowsy, that he was soon glad to betake himself to the bed which his hostess had prepared for him and his brother beside the stove, and Rudolph was nothing loth to follow his example.

Margot remarked that they seemed very tired. Where could they have come from,

to look so travel-worn? Her husband accounted for it by their having lost their way, and she asked no more questions. To do her justice, Margot was not curious about other people's business. Her own was too intensely interesting to her to leave time for speculation upon that of her neighbors.

"Poor things," she merely remarked, "I hope they will be rested in the morning, and ready to start again."

The morning came, and, in spite of his weariness, Rudolph was stirring as soon as his host, and ready, at an early hour, to take his departure. Not so Hans. He slept so soundly after the unusual toil which he had undergone, that not all the efforts of his brother could rouse him to exertion. He did not seem to comprehend what was required of him, and fell back into a heavy slumber as soon as Rudolph desisted from shaking him, and calling on him to rise.

In spite of her wish over-night, Margot's heart filled with pity as she looked upon the weary boy. "Let him alone; let him lie," said she; "he will travel all the better for another hour's rest."

"Yes, yes; let him lie," added her husband; "he must be sadly tired, to sleep in that way."

Rudolph acquiesced, but unwillingly, for he was so anxious to proceed, that any delay seemed intolerable to him. But when he reflected how much better Hans would be able to pursue his journey when thoroughly rested, he thanked the kind people heartily, and agreed to wait an hour or two without disturbing him. Meanwhile, was there nothing he could do to make himself useful to his kind host and hostess? He received an invitation to accompany the woodcutter to the forest, and assist him in his occupation. This proposal was gladly acceded to, and leaving Hans to the care of Margot, they set out together.

As they walked and talked, honest Martin forgot the prudent restraint which he had determined to put on his curiosity, and soon found himself making rapid progress in the confidence of his young acquaintance. Something about the boy interested him, and he could not avoid showing it. Interest and sympathy were so new to Rudolph, he had felt so much need of them lately, that they lured his secret from him, and it was not long be-

fore his host was in possession of all his little history. He detailed his past sufferings, and his schemes for the future, and ended by asking advice how to proceed in his undertaking.

It was difficult to advise in an enterprise so desperate. The most immediate danger, however, was that of detection, and the generous woodcutter recommended that the boys should remain in his house for a day or two, suggesting that the search (should any be made for them) would most probably be over by that time, and that, meanwhile, in so secluded a retreat they would be almost certain to escape observation.

Rudolph saw how much this plan would be to his advantage; but, nevertheless, it was not altogether agreeable to him, so impatient did he feel to press on toward the Bavarian frontier. Martin's arguments, however, reconciled him to the proposal, and when his last scruples were removed, by the assurance that his labor for the next few days would fully compensate for the expense of his own and his brother's maintenance, the matter was settled. We say it was settled, for, in spite of his respect for his wife, and his pliability in matters of no consequence, when once he had made up his mind to any step, Martin was not to be moved by her most eloquent remonstrances. Nevertheless, words, airy as they are, produce an effect even on the most stolid, a class to which our friend Martin by no means belonged, and we must excuse him if he devoutly hoped that his better half would remain in ignorance of the true character of his guests, and if he framed a reasonable excuse for detaining them, by declaring that he had found Rudolph a valuable assistant, and that he had engaged him to assist in executing an order for wood, which he could not accomplish by himself in the given time. This was true as far as it went, and Martin was chuckling over his little stratagem, in the full belief of its entire success, while Hans, the luckless Hans, was busy in the cottage overturning it completely.

Hans was one of the most luckless, and at the same time one of the luckiest, urchins that ever made a mother's delight and a mother's torment. No boy of his age more frequently rent his clothes, upset earthenware, or, in fine, was guilty of a greater number of domestic delinquencies

than Hans; and yet no other boy made more friends, got out of every trouble more easily, or, upon the whole, led a merrier life than he did. If he lost his dinner, some one gave him another; if he fell, some one picked him up; if he offended his parents, some one was at hand to intercede for him, and make his peace. His fortune was true to him this morning; as usual he made a blunder, but, as usual, he made a friend. He awoke from his heavy slumbers rested and refreshed, and after breakfast was completely himself. He and the children of the cottage were soon at play, and as Margot looked at them every now and then from her wash-tub, she felt, though she did not put the feeling into words, that the happy party made as pretty a group as the eye could rest upon. But, though a painter might have contemplated it sometimes with satisfaction, the good housewife could not. Idleness she held in the most utter contempt and abhorrence, and play of all kinds she considered but as a form of idleness, only to be tolerated in the mere baby members of the family. She always repeated, that even children might be useful, and she soon interrupted the amusement by calling upon them to perform several little tasks about the house which were suitable to their age and strength. Hans, always good-humored and ready, made himself very useful; he had been accustomed to help his mother at home, and it was pleasant to him to fall into the same kind of life again. Margot grew quite interested in him, as she listened to his merry voice, and looked into his laughing eyes. As he moved about, she observed that he still limped a little.

"Your feet are sore yet, my boy," she said, compassionately; "you have been sent a long way on an errand."

Hans started, and colored deeply.

"Who told you we were sent on an errand?" asked he.

"Why, what ails the boy? one would think I had charged him with theft! I suppose people do not walk so as to make their feet sore without something to go for. Your father and mother have sent you to Lauffen for something or other, have they not?"

"They did not send us," answered Hans, grave enough now, and much embarrassed.

"O, they sent you to Salzburgh—it is

the same thing—and they live at Lauffen, do they?"

"Where?" asked Hans, for he troubled himself very little about the names of the places on their way, and he had forgotten that this was the town to which they were supposed to be journeying.

"At Lauffen, where you are going; are your father and mother there now?"

"I don't know," was the unexpected response to this last question.

"Don't know where your own parents are!" cried Margot, with a hearty laugh.

She little thought how true this answer was! It seemed to her very strange, and his manner was so different from the frank, open ease with which he had before conversed, that her curiosity was excited, and she questioned him further. Hans was little able to dissimulate, and his secret escaped him. As soon as Margot comprehended that she was aiding and abetting two of the children of the exiled heretics to escape from the guardianship of the Church, she stood mute with amazement and horror. Then she dried her hands, went to the cottage-door, and called out, "Martin!" A moment's reflection apparently reminded her that Martin, far away in the forest, was not likely to hear her voice, for she returned and resumed her employment, but with such an air of trouble and vexation, that poor Hans was in despair at the effect of his mistimed confidence. He implored her not to betray them; and, now that no other further mischief could be done, told her in his childish way all their history. As she listened, she unconsciously forgot her own risk in compassion for the parents bereaved of their children; the children snatched from their parents, and wandering friendless over the wide world to seek them. It was well that her feelings had experienced this revolution before the return of her husband and Rudolph to dinner; for though, when she heard Martin's plan, she did not fail to inform him of what she had learned from Hans as an indisputable reason why the boys should be no longer detained; yet, when she found him quite determined, she entered into his views more cordially than might have been expected. She already knew so much, that there was no reason why complete confidence should not be placed in her; so Martin represented how they might save these poor boys from much peril by shel-

tering them for a day or two, and how small a risk they would themselves incur, seeing that it was extremely improbable that any search would be made in so remote a situation, to which the merest chance alone had directed the fugitives.

Danger often bears a more formidable aspect when viewed from a distance than when fairly confronted face to face, and Margot was astonished to find that she could go coolly about her usual occupations with two of the proscribed and persecuted sect actually under her roof. However, she did not altogether lay aside her native prudence. She stipulated that the boys should not remain in the cottage during the day; and this was a proposition too reasonable to be objected to. Hans could at any rate help to bind up fagots, so he was to accompany his brother to the forest; and, as Martin's eldest boy begged to be allowed to go also, the arrangement was tolerably satisfactory to all parties.

The few days of their stay passed very quickly; and sorry, indeed, was every member of the juvenile party when they were over. Martin had not been idle in the interval. He had made a journey to the nearest town, and had gained some information respecting the route to Passau. He had also contrived, by means of some Jew merchants with whom he fortunately met, to procure clothes for the boys, such as were worn by the Bavarian peasantry, in exchange for their own; which, having been supplied at the cloister, were rather remarkable, and likely to lead to observation. As might be expected, the change was for the worse with respect to the quality of the habits; but that was a price willingly paid for the additional security.

Happily Rudolph had contrived to bring away his flute, and Martin recommended him to assume the character of a wandering minstrel, and to make that profession the plea for his journey and a means of support. He good-naturedly warned them against being as free with their confidence to others whom they might encounter on their journey as they had been to him. Rudolph promised to be careful. He was better prepared now than he had been in the hurry and apprehension of their flight, uncertain which way to turn, or where to look for guidance and shelter. Martin had provided for their first night's entertainment in a place of security. He had spoken to a cousin of his who kept a little

inn at a village about seven leagues on their way, and she would take them in for his sake, and give them a bed and a supper. "She was well-to-do in the world," he said, "had plenty of everything, and, what was better, was a good woman, and ready to give to those who had nothing."

On the morning of the sixth day they set out. It was like the departure of a vessel from a friendly harbor, to tempt once more the uncertain ocean. Rudolph and Hans felt equally sad when they caught the last glimpse of Margot's kind countenance and the children's tearful faces. The woodcutter accompanied them through the forest. When he had brought them to the road, he repeated his directions for their future progress, and announced that he must return. With broken voices the boys said, "Good-by." Hans cried outright, and Rudolph had to exercise all his self-command to restrain his sobs. With desperate resolution he took his brother by the hand, and once more muttering some broken expressions of gratitude and farewell, hurried onward.

Martin stood upon the hill on which they had parted, and watched them till they were quite out of sight.

"God help them, poor young things!" said he to himself, as he walked homeward; "they have a long journey to make in a rough world, and a forlorn hope at the end of it!"

As he thought of all they must endure, and of much that they might have to suffer, his step grew slower, and his countenance still more grave. Once he seemed about to turn and recall them. But he shook his head, and muttered, "It would be of no use, even if I had plenty, and could afford to keep them; that boy would not give up his design, if he might live like a king."

With a sigh he once more committed them to the care of the Almighty, and pursued his way homeward with a quicker step. There was a saying, which he had heard either from a pious priest or from one of his heretic acquaintances, (for he, too, had known some of the members of the persecuted Church,) which came to his mind, and which comforted him:—"Providence must have brought me to them," said he, "and they will surely find others whose hearts will open to them; for it is doubtless true, he does 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'"



VIEW OF SINOPE.

SINOPE BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE.

SINOPE, the name of which may hereafter awaken in the heart of the poet or historian only melancholy echoes, like those of Chios, Janina, and Navarino, notwithstanding its extraordinary topographical situation, with its inclosure of ramparts, and imposing monumental mass of the Acropolis, which crowns it, in 1817-9 appeared to be one of the most peaceable and quiet of provincial towns. The brilliant capital of the kingdom of Pontus and of Mithridates, which was regarded by the Romans, even, as a place of importance, is now a decayed city. Its population, consisting of about three thousand Turks and fifteen hundred Rayas, (subjects of the Porte, but not Mussulmans,) has no resources beyond the construction of a few merchant vessels, and the chance trade which may be brought by the steamboats

plying between Constantinople and Trebizond. The Turks and Greeks enjoy an exalted reputation for idleness, supported by an annual consumption of brandy, at an almost incredible expense. In every quarter of the town there are numerous cafes. There is scarcely an attempt at agriculture; though in the few cultivated spots to be met with, the soil appears exceedingly fertile. The port of Sinope is, however, the best on the Anatolian coast; its buildings are so firmly founded as to defy the winds and waves. We saw four beautiful brigs in its dock-yard, which dock-yard, by-the-way, was so celebrated, that the Prince de Joinville visited it about fifteen years since, expressly to examine its construction. It is now only used for the imperial marine.

From the elevated summit of the Cape

Bos Tepe, (ox's head,) which terminates a low and narrow isthmus, Sinope presents a most unique appearance between two gulfs which seem ready to submerge it,—the most western being incessantly agitated. The eye wanders over immense tracts covered with the cypress, the nettle-tree, laurels, olives, and pomegranates. The metallic cupolas, minarets, and tiled roofs, gleam, like conservatories, from amidst the dense foliage of the landscape. Upon the quay where the dock-yard is situated, and in its neighborhood only, signs of business animation are visible. In a right angle with the head of the cape, before mentioned, extend a double line of ditches and high Byzantine walls, flanked with numerous towers, the most important of which are at the two extremes. From the interior, the city is bounded and overlooked by an elevation, covered with fortifications, disposed in an irregular square. The extent and the magnificence of these works, with the formidable *kale*, (castle, acropolis, citadel,) produces a remarkable effect, recalling, by its surprising resemblance, the palace of the Popes of Avignon. A large esplanade is here seen, supported by beautiful arches, forming a perfect semi-circle. Among the numerous inscriptions, several of which contain the names of Adrian, Germanicus, and Antoninus, we noticed one seldom met with, in the Turkish language, with its translation in Greek. The Greek characters are those of the fifteenth century, during the last years of the Byzantine empire. In a niche, at the summit of one of the towers, the inhabitants display, as the founder of Sinope, a completely disfigured bust, which is the object of innumerable superstitions among them. All these works of defence, with their numerous square towers, of the most primitive appearance, are composed of curiously heterogeneous materials. It would be difficult to find a stone which does not bear indubitable marks of having been previously used. One stratum is constructed entirely of shafts or columns, in the form of drums turned upon the side; the next alternates with pedestals and chapters. Here and there projects a bas-relief, a sarcophagus, a tauribolium, a frieze, a fragment, a relic perhaps; and all these various matters are disposed pell-mell, without any attempt at arrangement, forming a perfect archaeological museum, where each article is labelled with an in-

scription more or less explanatory, though frequently entirely incorrect. It is easy, however, to perceive that most of them belong to the Greco-Roman epoch. This style of building, or rather of reconstruction, is very common, indeed almost invariable where the Turks have succeeded to the lower empire. All these bristling walls, bastions, and formidable towers, are, however, quite unguarded except by a single sentinel. Dismounted cannon, useless from rust and decay, may be seen on all sides, beneath the briars and thistles of the square, which is in the care of a half-phantom sentinel—a poor invalid gunner. There was no garrison, but a kind of national militia, centering in Sinope and its environs. An official permission was, however, quite indispensable for gaining access to these ruins, surmounted with their warlike panoply.

The principal mosque, *Bayuk Djami*, possesses an immense court, or rather cloister, which is the most poetical retreat for the meditative traveler. The center is occupied with a minaret, in the ordinary style, a gigantic cypress, and a charming fountain, covered with a pavilion of wood and tiles. From time to time, some ascetic mollah, the familiar genius of the mosque, or a female hermetically veiled, crosses the inclosure, gliding over the moss-grown flag-stones so noiselessly as to leave the flocks of pigeons undisturbed, which everywhere in Turkey are recognized as public pensioners. One of these mysterious figures once accosted us with every manifestation of cordial sociality. It was the mufti of the place, a charming old man, eighty years of age, who seriously believed in the efficacy of the amulets, which he distributed for the cure of fevers, and worse—fleas. He boasted of having distributed more than twelve hundred in the course of a year. Opposite one of the openings of the court is an admirable door of marble, from a more ancient mosque which was destroyed by fire. It is one of the purest and most precious specimens of oriental art. The elegance of its style, the exactness of its proportions, and the accuracy of its carving, render it worthy to be regarded as a classic of its kind, and as deserving of study as the Parthenon. Like all the productions of the Turks at their most prosperous epoch, it presents exclusively the Persian and Arabic elements.



COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN OF SINOPE.

HAILIL-BEY, SON OF THE KAIMACAN OF SINOPE.

GREEK FEMALE COSTUME.

The original foundations of the city, which according to tradition were upon the inner declivity of the cape, beyond the Greek quarter, are now occupied by some Turkish residences. A cicerone (what locality has not its cicerone?) wished us to see the portrait of Mithridates in a fragment of coarse Byzantine fresco. Having requested a view of his not less celebrated compatriot, Diogenes, he incontinently directed us to some other ruins of the lower empire, called *palladia*, the palace, where we were, however, utterly unable to discover any documents upon the cynical philosophy. Higher up are the remains of the water reservoirs, covered with a semi-circular arch. Then comes a little mosque attached to a *turbe*, or funeral chapel, where is seen the tomb of a Khan of Crimea. Some plane-trees, a beautiful brook, and a café, make this a delightful resting-place. At the highest point of the Bos Tepe stands an abandoned *turbe*, in which we found an ass looking through one of the windows with all the melancholy gravity of his race. To the west, along the sea-coast, nothing but rocks are to be seen; while the east presents beautifully fertile lands, unmarked, however, by the slightest sign of cultivation. Toward the north, upon the highlands, the heavy rains which fall during the inclement season unite in a depression of the earth and form a lake, favorable for hunting ducks and bustards. The hunter, provided with bait, conceals himself under small huts covered with earth. The east, on the opposite, is bounded with volcanic steep, producing, however, a luxurious vegetation. Quite near, another Turkish village, famous for its *caimac*, (the cream of curdled milk,) occupies the depth of a shady valley. The number of brooks found in each locality is prodigious. Strabo, who was a native of the neighboring village of Amasia, speaks of the remarkable reservoirs excavated for fish on the margin of the sea, traces of which are yet perceptible. Fragments of monuments and utensils are everywhere discovered, mingled with human bones. It is difficult to believe that Sinope has ever extended beyond its present site.

The outdoor costume of the Greek females interests your curiosity. It consists of a kind of a cossack, invariably of a sombre color, the ridiculous shape of which is by no means relieved by the white

handkerchief encircling the head. Brides are adorned, during the nuptial ceremony, with a heavy square miter, *tarbouch*, of red velvet, attached to a cloth *cafetan* of the same color; the *toute ensemble* is ridiculous. This cannot be said, however, of the ordinary indoor costume, the elegance of which may be seen in the illustrations presented. Their jewels are extremely expensive, and moreover of real value; as the girdle clasps, sequins, bracelets, &c., are generally specimens of true art, and the coins are of unquestionable antiquity. A young girl often wears a complete collection of *sassanides*, or of *arsacides*. The most eager numismatologist frequently finds it impossible to purchase these objects, their owners believing them possessed of talismanic virtues, besides their value as genealogical certificates.

Quarantine is established in the Greek quarter, under the direction of a European physician; and here reside the Russian and Austrian agents, the correspondent of the mail-packets, and even the *kaimacan*, or governor of the province, whose administration extends over eleven districts, with the assistance of as many *mudirs*.

The taxes are regulated in a singular manner in Turkey. They are rated by a company of Armenians, who keep a *saraph*, or banker, with the *kaimacan*. Everything is, however, performed by the Turkish functionaries, to the great benefit of the Armenian financiers. All these countries have recently been organized under the present relation. Sinope had only quite lately submitted to the new arrangement, its inhabitants having always claimed exemption on account of their direct descent from the first conquerors. A short time since it was in arrears for four years' payment. The province of Djida, among others, has been one of the most refractory. In 1843 or 1844 the governor of Costamboul took passage in an English steamer, with his harem, for the neighborhood of Ineboli. As the vessel neared its destination the captain fired a salute to prepare the inhabitants for the arrival. A report spread immediately that it was an expedition of tax-gatherers. Several hundred men armed themselves to oppose their landing, until it was explained that they had nothing to fear from these inoffensive females and domestics.

During our stay we were entertained by the kaimacan of Sinope, whose affectionate hospitality cannot be sufficiently praised. His young son, Halil-Bey, a spoiled child, was induced, by the reward of numerous cigarettes, to sit for a sketch in his Albanian costume, which is regarded in the east as the fashionable one, *par excellence*. The lower floor, in which our lodging room was situated, was used also as a warehouse. Half a score of worthless blackguards disturbed our nights incessantly with their noisy and drunken revelries. Three murderers had been among their number for eighteen months, whose sentence had been delayed from time to time under various pretexts, (thanks to favor in the right quarters,) they meanwhile enjoying the most perfect liberty. Whatever the crime may be, Turkish justice proceeds with a slowness which often entirely changes the anticipated results.

The kaimacan never failed during our stay to invite the Russian vice-consul to dine with us; indeed, he was a man every way agreeable to him, aside from politics. The management of our knives, forks, and other gastronomical utensils of the Franks, was, however, singularly embarrassing to him, and unfortunately his greediness generally rendered them useless.

The environs of Sinope abound in magnificent forests of building wood, which is transported either by buffaloes, or launched from the summit of the cliffs to the sea, where it is shipped to St. Siman. Cloths of Costamboul, goats' hair, hemp, nuts, maize, and tobacco, constitute the principal articles of export. The trade in leeches, which is very important, is entirely monopolized by Europeans. At Alatcham, one of the most favorable points for the culture of tobacco, we found the most perfect exhibition of the nature and manners of these countries. The chief of the place, a magnificent Osmanli, still more magnificently dressed, overwhelmed us with the eagerness of his simple curiosity. Never had we excited such astonishment. At meal-times especially, the windows and doors were quite darkened with the crowd of heads assembled to witness our knife and fork performances.

The country between Sinope and Trebizond should be traversed with rapidity, as most terrible fevers are prevalent. Several villages are entirely deserted during the

summer on this account, among others, Fatsah, Ordon, and the banks of the Thermeh. A peculiarity of these fevers is the uncertainty of their intermitances; the third attack generally proves fatal.

Such was Sinope as seen before the late battle. The story of the modern tragedy associated with it is a very brief one. In the latter end of November, 1853, the Turkish squadron, consisting of six frigates, four steamers, and a corvette, under the command of Osman Pacha, took shelter, from stress of weather, in the road of Sinope. A Russian squadron, of somewhat superior force, having perceived them there, blockaded them, and, at the same time dispatched a steamer to Sebastopol for a reinforcement. In answer to the arguments of his second in command to endeavor to force their way out, as doubtless might then have been done, Osman is said to have replied only by a larger puff of the fragrant weed, and the further observation that there was but one Allah, and Mahomet was his prophet, seemed to his mind to divest the dilemma of all danger. So stood matters until the morning of the 30th November; that day was ushered in with fog, but about ten, A. M., the mist lifted like a curtain, and showed to the Turks six line of battle-ships bearing down upon them, while frigates and steamers hovered outside. How that deadly fight commenced, and how it was fought, we, though on the spot, can gather but little intelligence; but for the result there can be few spots darker, even in the blood-stained chronicle of Turkish history. One steamer only escaped to tell the tale; escaped with her cable shot away and several men killed and wounded. Of the rest there remains but sunken wrecks and shattered hulls; fourteen vessels, two or three, no doubt, merchantmen, are at this moment visible from our deck. The Turks themselves, when they felt that all hope had passed, blew up three ships; and the gallant second in command is believed himself to have fired the magazine of his own frigate. The formidable batteries so much talked of are three in number, containing thirteen guns, three or four of which were not fired, and it is more than likely their shot never touched the Russians at all, though four thousand shot are calculated to have been discharged at one of them. Of four thousand sailors,

who saw the sun rise on that November morning, at the very lowest computation two thousand eight hundred will never again see sunset. The inhabitants of the Turkish quarters of Sinope rose and made their morning prayers to Allah and his prophet without fear of their future; evening saw their homes and their mosques a mass of blackened ruins. Only one prisoner, Osman Pacha himself, a maimed and disgraced man, was retained to adorn the triumph of the Muscovite. The next day the Russian admiral, after having repaired damages, sailed on his return to Sabastopol, leaving with the Austrian consul, in justification of his conduct, a note, eminently displaying that combination of craft and force which forms so dangerous an element of the national character. This Austrian consul, however, frankly confesses his knowledge of the battle to have been extremely limited; one of the first shots, he says, killed his servant maid, whereupon he retired to the cellar, where he prudently remained till the carnage was over.

The master of the "Howard," of Bideford, England, which vessel was sunk by some stray shots, told us that he ran three miles into the country and took refuge in a tree before daring to look round, whence he only descended to be robbed and stripped by the Turkish soldiers who had escaped. Besides the spectacle of twelve wrecks in various parts of the bay, the shore itself for many miles is strewn with masses of confused masts, sails, ropes, and the varied remains of the shattered vessels; a corvette lies with half her deck above water, near the shore; her guns, some of them still loaded, might be recovered, as well as a great part of the valuable spar and copper with which the strand is lined. The inertness of the Turkish character renders it very unlikely that any such steps will be taken;* the only signs of activity in the place are the shipwrights at work on a screw frigate near the landing place, which the Russians, for some unknown reasons, have spared. She is to be named the Oldenitza, in honor of the Danubian victories. More terrible than all other sights is that of the little mounds of sand, marked only by a piece of wreck wood at the head and the feet, which met

us at every step along that fatal beach; too often, too, would the sound of human feet startle the dogs, the vultures, and the crows, from their sickening banquet. In fact, the number of unburied and half-buried bodies, generally black and naked from the effects of the explosion, induces us to believe that but slight efforts had been made to bury them before our arrival. None could have looked on that carnage-strewn shore and wished to see another such; many must have remembered the words of the poet; all unconsciously have felt their truth:—

"When all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of
the air,
Beasts of the forest all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey—
All rejoicing at his decay."

Some idea may be formed of the violence of the explosion of the Turkish frigates, from our finding an anchor, weighing, with the stock, nearly seventeen hundred weight, upward of two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and at least a quarter of a mile from the ship from whence it had been thrown. The maker's name was on it, "Abbott, of Gateshead," who probably little guessed its strange destiny. It was picturesque, though melancholy, to see the Turkish women, covered with a long white vail, or rather linen skirt, reaching to the hips, and concealing every feature except the eyes, sitting in groups of twos and threes among the ruins, silently mourning over their shattered household gods. If addressed, they showed no disinclination to enter into conversation, if conversation it can be called; the word "Muscove" was quite sufficient interrogatory to unloose their tongues; and then, with tears and lamentations, they would describe in terms unintelligible to us the catastrophe; bang, bang, and a rapid waving of the hand to denote (as I suppose) the spread of the conflagration, comprehended almost the whole of our intelligible conversation with these white phantoms. Once, indeed, in the Greek town, which was but little injured, some women insisted on our entering a house with them, where they showed to us, with much lamentation, a young woman who appeared partially idiotic, and informed us by signs that she had been in that state ever since the cannonading of the Russian force.

* Since writing this, most of the corvette's guns have been recovered.

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE article on Sinope will be interesting to our readers for the information it gives respecting one of the most memorable scenes in the present Turkish struggle. We are indebted for its material chiefly to *L'Illustration*, of Paris, and *Frazer's Magazine*.

The *London Art Journal* commends highly König's pictures of Luther's life, which we are now giving our readers. It says: "To our tastes the work is one of the most interesting additions to the illustrated literature of the day that we have seen for a long time. Of the artist, Gustav König, we know little, but he is unquestionably a man of genius. He is, we believe, a native of Coburg, though long resident in Munich; some years since he was commissioned by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to paint a series of pictures representing remarkable passages in the history of that illustrious family, and also of events connected with the Reformation in Germany. These pictures were intended to adorn the palatial residence of the Duke, at Reinhardtsbrunn; and it is not improbable that the series of designs for the "Life of Martin Luther" were suggested by the commission for the "Reformation" pictures, though we do not think they formed any portion of them. König has evidently adopted Kaulbach as his model, and a higher he could not have taken from the modern German school; such a selection is at once a proof of his discrimination and his pure taste."

A correspondent reminds us that, as the tables of contents, now on the inside of our cover, are not bound up with the semi-annual volumes and our indexes do not include the names of contributors, the bound volumes contain no trace of the authorship of articles. We shall hereafter obviate this defect by naming the source of our contents in the semi-annual index. It is too late now, however, to do so with the present index.

We must again remind our correspondents that they must keep copies of MSS. which they wish to preserve, and not expect us to return rejected articles. The rules of the editorial craft have long since settled that a demand for the return of rejected communications is inadmissible. So superabundant are such articles with most editors, that to return them would be a task of almost endless labor and perplexity. We are under great obligations to our numerous correspondents; but we must beg them to have the forbearance to allow us the privilege of the above rule.

PRESIDENT OLIN.—A late number of the *New-Englander* contains an able article on the late Dr. Olin, remarkable as much for its catholic spirit as for its good sense. "The moral features, and the remarkable variety of Dr. Olin's history," says the reviewer, "render it one of

profound and pleasing interest,"—a verdict which we think most readers of his biography will find not exaggerated.

The reviewer alludes to Dr. Olin's views and experience in reference to the question of Christian Perfection. The biography affords a considerable amount of epistolary evidence on the subject; and yet the reviewer, with unquestionable honesty, concludes that "the evidence in this memoir does not convince us that he himself thought that he had attained and maintained a state of entire sanctification, but convinces us rather of the contrary." We have not had leisure to retrace the evidence alluded to fully; but the reviewer has made a mistake in his rendering of a conversation of President Olin, which is given from our own notes; and if similar misapprehensions affect his other references, the fact will readily account for the error of his conclusion. "According to Mr. Stevens," he says, "Dr. Olin attained that state of entire sanctification, when abroad, soon after the death of his wife, before 1840, &c." Our note of the conversation is accurately quoted by the *New-Englander*, as follows:—

"It pleased God, he added, 'to lead me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned; I lost my children, my wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone with scarcely anything remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost, myself, in God. My affections centered in him. My will became absorbed in his. I *sank*, as it were, into the blessing of his perfect love, and found, in my own consciousness, the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted.' Through the remainder of his career," says Mr. Stevens, "he lived in the spirit and power of the great doctrine of holiness. He saw the simple, perfect standard of evangelical holiness; he perceived that neither himself nor the Christian world had generally lived up to it; he gave himself entirely to it by laying his whole being on the altar of consecration, where he daily kept it by faith and watchfulness."

The reviewer errs in constructing our language in such manner as to make the phrase, "wandering over the world alone," imply that he was then in his European travels, and that the time was "soon after the death of his wife." This was not our design; the statement is brief and rapid to be sure, but it no more implies that it was "soon after the death of his wife," than that it was soon after the death of his children. Broken in health and disabled for labor, Dr. Olin wandered alone over our own portion of the world as well as Europe, seeking restoration in the resorts of invalids. Our conversation with him as reported in his biography dates in 1845.

We have now before us a letter of President Olin which was accidentally omitted from his biography, but which throws a more positive light on this question than anything yet published. It is as follows:—

"TO MR. J. E. OLIN.

"MIDDLETOWN, September 25, 1844.

"MY DEAR BROTHER.—I have heard from you several times of late, though indirectly, and was happy to learn that your health is no worse than it has usually been these several years past. That has been bad enough; but we are accustomed to it, and can feel no special apprehension so long as you continue tolerably comfortable. Still I hardly know what event could give me so much pleasure as your restoration. I do not expect to see that change, but it would relieve me of a fear which has often pressed heavily upon my feelings. Let God order that matter as he will. It is an unspeakable comfort to me that you are his child, so that

the worst cannot be regarded a great calamity. I could wish, if it please God, to detain you for some time from heaven; but a sorrowing heart must soon find relief under grief, the cause of which is that a beloved friend has taken up his eternal abode with Christ.

"There we shall doubtless meet at last. I never felt my evidence more clear. Indeed, my religious experience for the last two years has been full of consolations and free from doubts. I am not sure that I ever wrote to you my whole mind on this subject, though a marked change has occurred in my feelings and views. I am at least a full believer in our higher doctrines in regard to Christian attainments, and I sometimes say to my intimate friends that I have great comfort in believing that I have been made a partaker of this grace. Doubtless God's will is even our sanctification, and we offend no less against our own high interests than against his most gracious designs when we rest below the best attainable position in religion. I do not for a moment allow myself to doubt that the great plan of redemption proved in the gospel which here below. I can take no view of the gospel which tolerates lower views. I cannot preach the gospel in any other light. I dare not limit God, and least of all in his favorite work of abrogating sin. The postponement of this chief end of religion till the article of death, has in the Scriptures just as much and just as little countenance as the purgatory or the mariolatry of the Catholics. I trust the day is near when our Church will bear a clearer testimony on this subject. It was the peculiarity of early Methodism. For nearly the last half-century, little has been said about it in this country. Now the doctrine is reviving again. With it will come many blessings—great power and grace. Dear brother, if you may have failed to obtain clear and satisfactory experiences in this matter, seek unto him who giveth freely, liberally and upbraideth not.

"It has been a grief to me that I have been unable to visit you this year. The thing was impossible, and so not to be thought of. I am now to go to Boston on my begging mission. It is hard work and irksome whilst; but I must submit to it, or the University will go down. I have, therefore, no option, and every other plan must yield to duty. Thank God, my general health has continued to improve. This is the best summer I have had in twenty years. If you regret as I do my inability to visit you, you will rejoice at the cause. I must work while this brief unexpected to-day of health lasts. Rest will come soon enough in heaven."

This is very clear and positive; we see in it no hesitancy except that diffidence which Christian modesty and humility would naturally give to the possessor of any virtue.

That this advanced state of Christian experience is attained, in rare instances at least, is, we believe, admitted by most writers on the subject. The New-Englander appends to its discussion of the subject a suggestion which we quote:—

"There is one practical thought which should find expression here. Dr. Olin undoubtedly held and taught the doctrine, that entire sanctification may be aimed at with hope, because it is sometimes attained in this life. We have no idea that it ever did him any harm. We rather think that it did him good, and helped him onward in his religious life. Now who in view of the illustration of the practical influence of this doctrine which we have in Dr. Olin, and in our Methodist brethren generally, has any reason to be frightened at its tendencies, or to denounce those who believe and teach it? And yet, this is precisely the doctrine for the belief and teaching of which our good brethren at Oberlin have had to encounter suspicion, denunciation, theological odium, and ecclesiastical ostracism. Is it not true that this thing was not only abandoned, but regarded with shame and penitence?"

We were not aware before that "this is precisely" the charge of heresy against Oberlin.

With the above slight critical difference from the article in the New-Englander, we cannot but give our hearty commendation of the generous tone of its notice of this distinguished Methodist. The example can hardly fail to

contribute to a more magnanimous and charitable temper in the mutual criticisms of religious bodies among us. Of Olin as a man and a preacher, the writer speaks with a noble emphasis:—

"Thus departed this great and good man, the greatest man of the Methodist Church in this country, and one of the greatest men whom this country has produced. From the beginning of his career he was eminent. He was eminent as a student; he was eminent as an instructor; he was eminent in the power to influence students and to inspire them with enthusiasm; he was eminent in the power of devising and executing plans of wisdom; and, above all, he was eminent in the power of influencing minds by the tongue, 'the glory of our frame.' His forte was in preaching the gospel. Here, we think, he had no superior in his day. And, if he had been blessed with health, we doubt whether he would have had an equal. We had the privilege, some years since, of hearing him preach twice; and we know, by our own experience, that the accounts we have quoted from this memoir of the impressions made by his sermons are not extravagant; and we can easily believe that auditors would hear him preach for two hours and more, without any abatement of interest, and without being aware of the lapse of time, for it was so with us. There was nothing like ranting, or rhetorical extravagance in his discourse. He read his text, closed his Bible, laid it one side, and began, in a plain and quiet manner at first, sending forth thought after thought, pertinent, comprehensive, profound, yet lucid and even simple; and all poured out through such channels of sensibility as to reach, and carry, and often overwhelm the heart. He had the real celestial fire of sacred oratory."

HORAM CORAM DAGO.—Burns, it will be remembered, is the author of the following strange lines, "Written in a Wrapper, inclosing a Letter to Captain Grose," &c.

"Ken ye aught of Captain Grose?
Igo et ago,
If he's among his friends or foes,
Horam, coram, dago."

It is not very likely, however, that this should be the first appearance of this "burden," any more than of "Fal de ral," which Burns gives to other pieces both before and after this. It may have a meaning, (as one has been found for "Lilliburlero," &c.) but we should think it more likely to be sheer gibberish.

In Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, Edinburgh, 1829, is a piece beginning—

"And was you e'er in Craill town?
Igo and ago:
And saw ye there clerk Fishington?
Sing, iron, igoon, ago."

PROGRESS.—It is astonishing what progress our mere mechanical improvements are making beyond the limits of European civilization; independently of the higher, the political and moral agencies of the times, they promise to dispel soon much of the hoary barbarism of the East. Within twelve months of the present time, a railway will be completed from Ostend to Trieste: letters, passengers, and parcels, will then occupy little more than two days from the shores of the British Channel to those of the Adriatic; four days more will take them to Egypt, and, by the aid of the railway from Alexandria to Cairo, now rapidly advancing, they may within thirty-six hours be afloat on the Red Sea, and in twelve days thereafter be safe in Bombay, or within three weeks of their leaving London. Within this date the electric telegraph, now preparing to be laid across the Mediterranean, will have reached Suez;

and the four thousand miles of wire, which have already reached Calcutta, will connect every great town in India with the port of Bombay; so that, before the year 1856 expires, England will have communication by electric telegraph in ten or eleven days' time with every part of India, and by steamer and rail from Bombay in twenty-one. From India these improvements will ramify all over the East—they will extend over China—they will be lines of light, shining brighter and brighter till the old darkness flees away, and a homogeneous civilization covers the lands, and that civilization will be Christian. Thus Providence is pressing not merely the moral but the mechanical powers of the time into his service, for the speedy renovation of the world. What will not a hundred years from to-day bring forth?

How beautiful is the following by Ebenezer Elliot, the famous Corn-Law Rhymist of Sheffield—the man who labored with his hands, not ashamed to earn his bread by honest industry, while in his hours of rest he found amusement in the composition of some of the most vigorous and original poetry our language can boast.

God, release our dying sister!
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
Whiter than the wild, white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said, "You know I'm dying,"
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them hath pain bereft her,
In the city, where we left her;
"Bring," she said, "a hedge-side blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

LESSING says:—"The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author, was on one occasion obliged to appear before a Parisian magistrate, (whether in the character of a witness, prosecutor, or prosecuted, is not known,) who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession:—

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"O! O! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate: "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS.—Major Noah said that "a hazel eye inspires at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands into love as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye never slopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable, and lovely creature." "We never knew," says a brother editor, "but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the

Yankee says, like the little end of nothing, whittled down to a point." The gray eye is the sign of shrewdness and talent; great thinkers and great captains have it. In women, it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as well as in its beauty. The blue eye is amiable, but may be feeble; the black—take care!

ECHO POETRY.—The following historically interesting specimen of echo poetry is translated from the French. It is a good counterpart to the specimen we lately gave. The original publication exposed the publisher, Palm, of Nuremberg, to trial by court-martial. He was sentenced to be shot at Braunau in 1807—a severe retribution for a few lines of poetry. It is entitled,

"Bonaparte and the Echo."

Bon. Alone I am in this sequestered spot not overheard.

Echo. Heard!

Bon. 'Sdeath! Who answers me? What being is there nigh?

Echo. I.

Bon. Now I guess! To report my accents Echo has made her task.

Echo. Ask.

Bon. Knowest thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist?

Echo. Resist.

Bon. Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?

Echo. Always.

Bon. O, Heaven! what must I expect after so many reverses?

Echo. Reverses.

Bon. What? should I, like a coward vile, to compound be reduced?

Echo. Reduced.

Bon. After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution?

Echo. Restitution.

Bon. Restitution of what I've got by true heroic feats and martial address?

Echo. Yes.

Bon. What will be the fate of so much toil and trouble?

Echo. Trouble.

Bon. What will become of my people, already too unhappy?

Echo. Happy.

Bon. What should I then be, that I think myself immortal?

Echo. Mortal.

Bon. The whole world is filled with the glory of my name you know.

Echo. No.

Bon. Formerly its fame struck this vast globe with terror.

Echo. Error.

Bon. Sad Echo, begone! I grow infuriate! I die!

Echo. Die!"

It may be added that Napoleon himself, (*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i, p. 432,) when asked about the execution of Palm, said:

"All that I recollect is, that Palm was arrested by order of Davoust, I believe, tried, condemned, and shot, for having, while the country was in possession of the French and under military occupation, not only excited rebellion among the inhabitants, and urged them to rise and massacre the soldiers, but also attempted to instigate the soldiers themselves to refuse obedience to their orders, and to mutiny against their generals. I believe that he met with a fair trial."

COMING THE PERUKE.—Combing the peruke, Sir John Hawkins informs us, at the time when men of fashion wore large wigs, was even at public places an act of gallantry. The combs for this purpose were of a very large size, of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and or-

namented, and were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box. At court, on the mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen conversed and combed their perukes. There is now in being a fine picture by the elder Laroon, of John, Duke of Marlborough, at his levee, in which His Grace is represented dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a very long white peruke, which he combs, while his valet, who stands behind him, adjusts the curls after the comb has passed through them."

IMPROVING THE PSALMODY.—Somebody says, that a down-east chorister set some music of his own to Watts's psalm, in which occur these lines:—

"O let my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling upon his pastor, who had more music in him than was supposed, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had proposed. He proposed to read them as follows:—

"O let my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintained his gravity as well as he could; he said he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so; and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner these lines:—

"O let my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his parody, retired, and will probably for the future sing the psalm as it stands.

A FOR.—Mr. Stark, in a lecture recently delivered before the Young Men's Association at Troy, thus humorously describes this pasteboard specimen of humanity:—

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to the remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor's life gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains."

CHATEAUBRAND AND WASHINGTON.—When Chateaubriand visited America, in the year 1791, he had a single interview with Washington; and in recurring to this event, he, many years afterward, exclaims, "There was a virtue in the very presence of that great man that has warmed my soul to goodness for the remainder of my life!" If such an effect can flow from a brief acquaintance with a mortal, how great must it be with the eternal Fount of Greatness!

We have received the following interesting communication from our Eastern correspondent:—

BOSTON LETTER.

Chickering and his Pianos—Extent of his Business—His Life—Gleason—His Success—Fine Arts—The Publishers—New Books—Mercantile Library Association—Items.

ONE of the most conspicuous objects now, in the southern portion of the city, is the lofty quadrangle of buildings erected by the late lamented Chickering, for the purposes of his immense business in the manufactory of pianofortes. It now forms a noble and fitting monument to his memory. By a terrible conflagration last year, his large manufactory upon Washington-street, with its valuable contents, was entirely consumed, involving a loss of between two and three hundred thousand dollars. With characteristic vigor, Mr. Chickering, although he had reached an age when the enterprise of ordinary men begins to abate, and nature seeks rest from the cares and labors of active life, set himself at once, not only to provide facilities for his business equal to those which the flames had destroyed, but to reconstruct his manufactory upon a truly gigantic scale. Having made temporary provisions for his workmen, he leased the Masonic Temple, a Gothic edifice fronting upon the Common, for a salesroom, and furnished it with carpets and hangings in the richest style, forming one of the finest exhibition rooms in the country, if not in the world; and often used by the first musical artists upon their introduction to the city, for experimental chamber-concerts and musical *soirées*. But the great feature in the new enterprise was the erection of the workshop for his army of employes, and the open space of unoccupied land between this city and Roxbury offered a favorable site for the edifice. The contract was made, and the building was rapidly approaching its completion under the eye of the moving genius in this great undertaking, when in a moment, in the midst of pleasant social converse, the hand of the Great Disposer of our lives rested upon him, and he "ceased at once to work and live." His prudent foresight, however, had placed his business upon a permanent basis; and his sons, sharing largely in his mechanical skill and enterprise, together with the gentlemen who had been in charge of the principal departments of the business, have carried forward without change or perturbation the generous plan which he had devised and was fast consummating. The structure upon the "Neck" is intended to afford ample accommodation for the constant occupation of at least four hundred workmen, and the internal arrangements are so disposed that the raw materials will enter at one door, and without any retrogression will pass successively through every department, until an instrument issues at the other extremity of the building in a state of perfect completion. The edifice is in the form of a hollow square. Its front is two hundred and forty-two feet in length, and its wings two hundred and sixty-two feet on the north, and two hundred and fifty on the south; the whole covering a space of between sixty and seventy thousand feet of ground. A steam engine of a hundred



CHICKERING'S PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY.

and twenty horse power moves the machinery of the building. There are five stories, and the rooms on each story are eleven feet from the ceiling to the floor. Everything required for the completion of the instrument, with the exception of the large iron castings, will be manufactured here. "The wood will here be cut from the logs, the veneers sawed, and all so perfected that we may almost say that forests will enter at one door, and come out finished piano-fortes at the other." Few are aware of the complication of the work necessary to the completion of one of these beautiful instruments, or of the distance and widely separate countries from which the materials come—from the jungles of India, the forests of Florida, the banks of the Amazon, and the mines of Russia; and few conceive of the amount of labor bestowed upon each. Mr. Chickering's success, next to his musical genius, rested upon the extraordinary care taken in the selection and preparation of the raw material and the attention paid to each individual portion of the instrument. Thus the lumber, after it is received, passes through various seasoning processes, lasting often for six years; and by a minute division of labor, each department of the work is placed in the hands of men who only labor upon their given subdivision. There are in the establishment workmen who have been in Mr. Chickering's employment over thirty years, and have never done but one kind of work. Over five thousand pieces enter into the composition of a seven-octave piano.

Jonas Chickering, whose name endowments this monument, was born in the village of New-Ipswich, N. H., and was the son of a blacksmith. He received the winter training of our New-England common-schools, and at seventeen years of age was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in his native town. His natural love for music found expression first in the shrill tones of an octave flute, and then in the more difficult execution of a clarinet. One solitary piano in the town decided the problem of his life. This instrument falling into disuse for want of tuning, and some slight repairs, he ad-

ventured his skill, with flattering success, in readjusting its complicated and delicate structure, a combination with which he had had no previous acquaintance. At the age of twenty, in the year 1818, he came to Boston, and sought work at his trade in this city. His musical and mechanical taste, and his success with the village piano, directed his attention to the few manufactories of this instrument in the city, and one year after his introduction here, he entered the workshop of Mr. John Osborne. In 1823 he commenced business for himself. It was an era in the history of this instrument when Jonas Chickering entered into the business. "It may be safely said," says Lowell Mason, "without in the least degree undervaluing the important labors of others, that no man has done more toward perfecting the instrument which has now become indispensable in almost every dwelling, than Mr. Chickering. The piano-forte has grown up and come to maturity under his care. The improvements in traveling by rail and by steam are hardly greater than has been the growth and development of the instrument under his administration." In 1830 he formed a business connection with Mr. John Mackey, which continued until the death of the latter in 1841; from which time Mr. Chickering has conducted the whole immense business in his own name—a name which has become inseparably associated with the piano-forte. In the latter years of Mr. Chickering's business, he finished between fifteen and sixteen hundred instruments every year, and, at least, one grand piano, worth about \$1,000, every week. Mr. Chickering never forsook his workbench and apron, until death finished his labors. He not only drew his scales with extraordinary mathematical and mechanical precision, but a portion of the most delicate part of the hammer he attended to himself; and he never allowed an instrument to be sold, until he had examined, tested, and approved it. Besides all this, he has left upon the community the impress of a beautiful and harmonious character. Even the irritable tongue of competition, and the fierce strife of a com-

mon business, was stilled in his presence. None respected him more than his brethren in the trade, which he did more than any other man to build up and render honorable. He lavished his bounties with a benignant heart upon every form of want, and opened his ear to every appeal for sympathy. He has ceased from his labors, and his works do follow him.

At the city end of the same street, (Tremont,) and nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel, is another large establishment, cultivating quite a different branch of the gentle arts, exhibiting no small amount of business enterprise, and now reaping a very generous harvest of success. F. Gleason, to whose vast publishing house we refer, is not a native of this country, although he exhibits many of the characteristic elements of the sharp New-England tact. He is a German, of Hamburg, and has been eighteen years in this country. His enterprise commenced a few years ago with a cheap book and newspaper establishment. He first published a weekly illustrated newspaper called, "*The Flag of our Union*," the success of which suggested the more elaborate and wonderfully popular sheet which he still issues, now almost without competition in this country, called the "*Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*." Of these two weekly periodicals he now publishes seventy thousand of "*The Flag of our Union*," and one hundred and seventeen thousand of the "*Pictorial*." The whole of this immense building, six stories in height, with a basement, is devoted to the different branches of the work connected with the publication of these papers. Few establishments combine so much elegance with so much convenience, and it is really an interesting study to wander over its ample rooms and examine the various processes of printing, drawing, engraving, binding, &c.

One hundred and fifty workmen are employed upon the premises. The daily expenses are between one thousand and fifteen hundred dollars. Four hundred dollars are paid weekly for the wood-cuts used in the Pictorial, and the value of the property invested in this periodical is now estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Eight large presses are running day and night in the basement, and four more are in the process of construction. Mr. Gleason has given new life to the work of designing and wood engraving in our country, not more by the requisition he has made upon artists himself, than by establishing and cultivating the taste for illustrated books and magazines. He has certainly exhibited a generous enterprise, and well earned the reputation and wealth which he has accumulated. He leaves the country soon for a visit to Europe, and during his tour will accumulate material for his favorite periodical from the ample stores of the old world.

Naturally enough, the last sentences suggest the fact which must have been noticed during



GLEASON'S PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

a few late years, that both the demand and the facilities for obtaining paintings and engravings have rapidly increased in our city.

Along Washington and Tremont-streets, beautiful stores have been multiplying, devoted to the sale of parlor ornaments—*bijouterie*, elegant engravings, paintings, &c. And now, Cornhill is adorned and illustrated by one of the largest of its rooms being devoted to the exhibition and sale of illustrated works and engravings. F. Parker, who is the proprietor of this establishment, is, at the present moment, crowding his beautiful room with eager observers and admirers of Herring's great picture, styled a "Glimpse of an English Homestead." The subject is the interior of a large barn, its open door-way looking out into the farm-yard, and inviting the presence of all the feathered population. The horses, which seem to stand out upon the picture, are admirable both in symmetry, position, and coloring. The entire effect of the grouping is charming in the extreme, permitting you to take in the whole idea at one view, and bringing you into sympathy, in a moment, with the pleasure manifestly exhibited by the persons and animals so finely represented in the painting. It is really a beam of sunshine caught and embodied by the happy artist. A fine large mezzotint engraving of this picture, by George Patterson, is now about completed, and will be undoubtedly greatly sought after by all admirers of art. Mr. Parker will have this engraving upon exhibition and for sale at his rooms; and it will well repay the examination that may be devoted to it.

From the catalogue of Harvard College we learn that the number of students in the various departments is six hundred and ninety-nine. Of this number, three hundred and twenty-nine are undergraduates.

It will be recollected that George Peabody, the eminent American banker in London, a few years since endowed his native town of Danvers with a noble library. By a deserving compli-

ment, a new high-school in the town was called by his name, "The Peabody High-School." In acknowledging the honor, he transmits a pledge of an annual donation of two hundred dollars during his life, to be expended in prizes for distribution, as rewards of merit to the pupils at their yearly examination. In the admirable letter accompanying the gift, he says:—

"I would also suggest that the number, and consequently the value of the prizes, be not determined until after the examination, as the number of deserving pupils will doubtless greatly vary, and if the number of prizes be not a limited one, the meritorious candidate may feel that, however large the number of competitors a prize is within the reach of each one."

We trust the "medal boys" of Danvers will bring as much honor to the generous merchant and their native town, as the Franklin medal scholars have to the benevolent philosopher and to Boston.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. are just introducing a new lady writer to the literary public. Miss Chandler, of Pomfret, Connecticut, presents, as her maiden work, the curious title, "This, That, and the Other;" and one that has seen the proof-sheets says of it:—"We can safely affirm that it is destined to receive the favor of the public to a degree attained but by few authors."

The same firm are just issuing "The Critical Writings of Thomas Noon Talfourd," whose lamented death has been so generally announced with deep sensibility by the public press. The volume contains the maturest thoughts of an original and genial thinker upon the living themes of the day. Mr. Sargeant's edition of Rogers's Poems only waits its turn at the hands of the printer, in the great press of the trade; and this work will be followed by the same author, from the same publishing-house, with an edition of Crosby. Mr. Sargeant, we are glad to see, is now devoting his time to the publication of a series of reading books for the schools. It is refreshing to notice the marks of refined culture and literary taste about our school-books. The success of his "Standard Speaker," and "Selections in Poetry," has induced the more extended enterprise of a succession of volumes, adapted to the various ages and attainments of common school pupils. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have issued the "First Class Standard Reader"—the first of the series. No one can glance at its admirable rhetorical preliminary lessons, its wide and chaste selections, and its full explanatory dictionary at the close, without perceiving the hand of a master, and a marked preeminence over the other works of its class.

There are two classes of works at the present time enjoying an extraordinary circulation. The one moral and religious fictions, simple and true to possible facts, and in a degree transcripts of real life, and a class of really valuable scientific works, put forth in a popular style, divested of technicalities, and associated with personal adventures.

Of the former class we have the "Lamp-lighter," swelling into its forty-thousandth copy within three months; and before the close of that period, paying its fair and deserving author five thousand dollars as the first installment for her literary toil. Another work of equal merit—simple, truthful, sweet—charming as a May morning, and redolent of its fragrance,

is "Our Parish," following hard on after its predecessor on its sale, but yet refusing to discover its modest author. Of the latter kind are the admirable works of the noble Scotch stone-cutter, Hugh Miller. His first republished volume in this country, heralded by Agassiz, "The Old Red Sandstone," was received and read with an avidity that few geological works had previously enjoyed. He had succeeded in throwing such a charm around this branch of natural science, that the reading community were enabled to enjoy all the profit of toilsome research in all the luxury of a garden of flowers. His "First Impressions of England and its People" sustained the favorable prestige already secured; and now his last work, "My School and Schoolmasters," answering just the questions every one wishes to ask about this wonderful lay scholar, giving the steps of his self-discipline, the picturesque scenes of his labors, and the triumphs of his genius, will have, as it richly merits, a distribution paralleled by few books of the day. We fear it will overshadow, as it certainly ought not to do, a smaller volume by the same pen, entitled "The Two Records—the Mosaic and Geological;" a lecture delivered in Exeter-Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association of London. A perfect gem of its kind.

Little, Brown & Co. are continuing their beautiful edition of the English Poets, dropping down occasionally into a modern era. Hood has just been issued; and his pathetic and humorous songs lose none of their power in the handsome dress in which they are clothed. It is proposed to make this the most complete edition of the poets ever published in this country. Indeed, it seems that we have fairly fallen upon the millennium of the poets. New-York and Boston are competing with each other for the palm in this respect.

Gould & Lincoln are publishing, in connection with an English house, a cabinet edition of several of the poets. Cowper and Scott have already appeared, and Milton is to follow. This edition is illustrated with numerous steel engravings, and is sold at an extraordinary small price for its handsome execution.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the "Tabernacle," and of the "Independent," has, in Messrs. Jewett & Co.'s press, a work upon Ancient and Modern Egypt. It will form a duodecimo, and be illustrated by twenty fine engravings. Those who have read his letters, published in the paper of which he is the editor, will confirm the promise of the publishers that the public will be favored with both an interesting and valuable volume. The same house are also publishing a thorough work upon California, giving the whole history of the country, from its discovery until the present time.

The English Reviews have noticed with unusual unanimity of favor the charming volume of Miss Howitt, the eldest daughter of Mary Howitt, entitled "An Art Student in Munich." Ticknor & Co. have issued a beautiful American edition of this work; and the reader will find the occasion of its kindly reception in England in the genial humor and interesting recitals of its pages. We felt, the other day, upon a perfect *bijon* of printing and binding—a small quarto, combining, in every department

of the book-making art, the perfection of execution. And this honorable dress had been given to the unpublished poems of Mr. Fields, of the well-known publishing-house of Ticknor & Co. A modest appreciation of the author's genius, and a graceful tribute to old friendships, retain these harmonious pages from the public eye, and preserve them for those who prize both the person and the lays of their author.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce as in the press, and to be issued at an early date, the writings of the late Professor Wilson, (Christopher North.) They are to be published in a handsome octavo volume.

From a report submitted to the State Legislature, it appears that Massachusetts has invested in public charitable institutions the sum of \$759,000; and that the annual appropriation by the Commonwealth for the relief of the deaf and dumb, the blind, idiotic, and insane, and for the support of the State Reform School, and other public charities, is \$217,150.

A very interesting lecture was lately delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association by Rev. A. S. Muir, lately from Scotland, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in our city. His subject was, "Dr. Chalmers and the Free Church of Scotland." He gave a most interesting outline of the struggle and rupture in the Established Church of Scotland, and the noble sacrifices and progress of the Free Church.

The Annual Report of the Mercantile Library represents every department of the Association as in as flourishing a condition as at any former period of its history. The number of books now on the catalogue is reported to be fifteen thousand two hundred and forty-seven; an increase of one thousand six hundred and twenty-one over the preceding year. The library is used by the members, to a great extent, as the Librarian's books prove that *eighty-one thousand* volumes have been taken out the past year. This is about forty books a year to each member, while the aggregate amounts to more than *five times* the number of books in the library—a greater ratio of circulation, we believe, than any other public library in the country can show.

The present number of members is two thousand and seventy-eight. The total expenditures for the year were \$7684 74, of which amount \$1250 was added to the permanent fund. The par value of the invested funds held by the Trustees is \$20,400. The lectures and literary exercises have been quite successful the past season. The Association is in need of a hall suited to the various purposes of the Society. Some of our most liberal and enterprising merchants have subscribed \$10,000 toward this object, and we hope soon to see the sum increased to such an amount as will warrant the Society in proceeding with this very desirable undertaking. B. K. P.

Book Notices.

Kitto's Biblical Works—Brown's Discourses and Sayings of Christ—Ballou vs. Beecher—Merrinack; or, Life at the Loom—The Withered Leaf—Quarles's Emblems—Rutherford, on Election—Cooper, on Old-Fellowship—Memoir of Mrs. Comstock—Wesley's Sermons—Bohn's Series—Catacombs of Rome—Vera—A Year with the Turks—Russian Shores of the Black Sea.

No press of our country issues more useful works than that of Carter & Brothers. Scarcely is one announced when another comes to claim our attention. We have received since our last literary report their series of "*Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations*," comprising no less than seven robust duodecimos, well "got up" and illustrated. They are books for the people—combining utility, in its highest form, with all the entertainment that the most curious archaeological, geographical, and historical information, illustrative of the sacred records, can afford. Kitto is an endless book-maker in his line, and he knows well how to select his material, economizing it into many shapes and uses; but he is also thorough, accurately learned in Biblical criticism, *au fait* in its latest results, and sensible and sound in most of his views.

Hardly had we dispatched this goodly array of duodecimos when two stout octavos presented themselves for critical inspection from the same house, "*Brown's Expositions of the Discourses and Sayings of our Lord*." The Edinburgh professor is already well known by

his "Expository Discourses on First Peter," and his "Discourses on the Sufferings and Glories of the Messiah," as well as by a previous American edition of the present production, in three volumes. This "Exposition" is really what its title implies—not a commentary, but a comprehensive paraphrase, embracing the criticism of the commentary with the more general and popular instruction of the sermon; it is, therefore, a work for both popular and professional use. Clergymen will find it rich in the best material for the pulpit, and common readers a feast of fat things for Sabbath or even daily use. It is characterized throughout by good critical ability, good sense, and good tact.

The "Conflict of Ages" is producing, as we predicted, a lusty conflict of polemics; all the religious reviews and papers have entered the arena, more or less, and Rev. Moses Ballou has sent into it a stanch volume, armed "cap-a-pie," with dialectics entitled, "*The Divine Character Vindicated*,"—a review of Dr. Beecher's hypothesis from the stand-point of Universalism. A better polemical opportunity could hardly be found for a man of Mr. Ballou's sentiments, and we must accord to him no little skill in his use of it, though his book will not be burdened with a high rank among our theological standards any more than will that of Dr. Beecher. The subject in controversy remains about where it

was before either undertook it. It is inexorable. The most legitimate treatment of it is to leave it in its solemn mystery till the enlarged vision of a higher world shall disclose its significance. Locke says, in his preface to his great work, that it was suggested by an attempt to ascertain the just limits of human knowledge; a demarcation which most previous metaphysicians had overstepped, and had thereby introduced boundless confusion into speculative science. Coleridge, in one of his notes on Southey's Wesley, makes a similar suggestion in regard to the doctrines of predestination, &c. Our present habitudes of thought and especially of language, derived as they are almost entirely from our material position in the universe, render us about as incapable of reasoning on some subjects, as a man born blind is of discussing colors. One such remarked once, in reply to the question what what his idea of green, that it was like the sound of a trumpet. The difficulty of religious mysteries is not in themselves so much as in our present relation to them; and the truest philosophy is to wait and wait trustfully; they are a part of our moral education; they are designed to be what they are, incomprehensible; and he that rejects them, on this account, is a child, in his folly.

Redfield, New-York, has issued a new work from the author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm," and the "Master Builder; or, Life at a Trade." It is entitled, "*Merrimack; or, Life at the Loom*," and though professedly "a tale" there is a verisimilitude about its characters and a simple directness and naturalness in its scenes, that make it read very like a sketch from real life. The heroine is early left an orphan, passes through some interesting Quaker trainings at Salem, Massachusetts, and finds her chief education at last in a Merrimack factory. Factory village life in New-England thenceforward is the principal theme of the volume, and it is handled with decided ability and sustained interest. It is the best work yet of the author, though not without some decided faults.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a volume for juvenile readers, entitled "*The Withered Leaf; or, Recollections of a Little Girl*," very neatly "got up," and detailing some entertaining and impressive passages from the life of childhood.

Old Francis Quarles's "*Emblems, Divine and Moral*"—one of the many "curiosities of literature," which have come down to us from the days of the English commonwealth—have been published by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*. Of course the book is quaint enough, but its wit is genuine—there is pith in every passage, and "an evangelic fervor," as John Ryland said of it, which makes the whole volume redolent. It has been a literary rarity, much sought after by curious readers; the American publishers have done a good deed in rendering it more common.

Some five or six years ago a series of "*Lectures on the Doctrine of Election*" were delivered in Greenock, Scotland, and repeated in Glasgow with no little public interest, by Rev. Alexander C. Rutherford, a Scotch clergyman. They are remarkable for logical acuteness and sagacity, and a comprehensive knowledge of

the subject. There is a strong spice of Scottish acerbity too in their style. *Higgins & Perkins, Philadelphia*, have republished them in a neat volume. Arminian polemics will receive this volume as among the ablest vindications of their views produced in recent times.

Old Fellows (who should of course always be good fellows) will have an opportunity of testing their tempers over the pages of a work from the pen of Rev. J. F. Cooper, entitled, "*Odd-Fellowship examined in the Light of Scripture and Reason*." It is prepared by an introduction from Rev. Dr. Dale, and issued in good style by *Young, 173 Race-street, Philadelphia*. The author makes out an appalling series of charges against the "order," and strikes at it sword in hand.

The *American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia*, has published an interesting tribute to the memory of *Mrs. Sarah D. Constock*, missionary to Arracan, from the pen of *Mrs. A. M. Edmond*. It presents many very interesting incidents of missionary life, and illustrations of the habits and country of the Arracanese. Our Baptist brethren have made some of the best contributions to "missionary literature;" the present volume will be an acceptable addition to it.

John Wesley's Sermons are recognized as the standard of Methodist theology; they have been so pronounced by the English Court of Chancery, in suits respecting ecclesiastical property. All inquirers who would know this latest and most effective form of Arminianism should consult Wesley. His discourses remain yet the best exposition of his doctrinal system. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, have lately issued them in a new edition of two cheap volumes, for the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though exceedingly cheap, they are got up in good style.

We are indebted to *Dungs & Brothers, New-York*, for another batch of *Bohn's* cheap serial volumes, comprising first, two volumes of the antiquarian series, viz., *Odericus Vitalis's Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*, a good translation we should judge, with notes, and an introduction by Guizot. Old Vitalis is considered the connecting link between the English and Norman writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He was an Englishman, but lived and died a monk of Normandy. His history rambles all over creation, and is full of the quaint ideas of his age;—it is none the less interesting for these traits, however. It begins with the birth of Christ and ends with a vision of purgatory, in genuine mediæval style. The second work, "*The Conquest of Muddaloni; or, Naples under Spanish Dominion*," is an account of the vicissitudes of a noble Neapolitan family, combined with a history of Naples during its subjection to Spain. It is from the German of Reumont, and is pronounced his best work. The third is a literal translation of the *Banquet of Athenæus*, in three volumes, by C. D. Yonge, from the best text, that of Schweighäuser. The *Deipnosophists*, or *Banquet of Athenæus*, is one of the most entertaining relics of ancient literature, replete with gossiping details of classic life and

luxury. We repeat what we have often said, that the very cheapest and best series of standard works to be had in our language are these publications of Bohn. They are all to be had at Messrs. Bangs & Company's, who are the authorized agents for this country.

Bishop Kip's volume on the "*Catacombs of Rome*" is the only work of the kind, we believe, yet published in this country, and, excepting that of Maitland, the only similar treatise on the subject in our language. While Maitland's work is inaccessible to us, except by importation, it is also much more costly than Bishop Kip's. The latter will be found to be a comprehensive, though much compressed, discussion of the lessons of these very interesting remains of Christian antiquity. His specimens of the inscriptions of the catacombs are numerous, almost superabundant. His deductions from them are made with sagacity and sobriety; excepting one or two points they will receive the concurrence of Protestant Christians universally. The work is characterized by a devout tone befitting the theme, and is not without eloquent and picturesque passages. It is well adapted, in fine, to "popularize" these ancient Christian testimonies, which, notwithstanding their meagerness and their slight artistic pretensions, afford resistless arguments on some of the most important questions between Protestantism and Popery. The work is got up in good style by Redfield, New-York.

Verna; or, the Child of Adoption, is the title of a new work from the press of Carter & Brothers.

It is a missionary story, the heroine being the daughter of a preacher among the Sandwich Islanders. She removes to New-York, where she is adopted into a family, and has the opportunity of comparing the factitious life of society here with the freedom and simplicity of her island home. The volume has some decided excellencies—some suggestive thoughts on missionary life, and some severe thrusts at our fashionable domestic religion. It is evidently from a female hand.

The Eastern question is producing quite a literature of its own; the English and French presses teem with volumes and brochures on the subject; and if no other good comes of the quarrel, we shall certainly not fail of a better knowledge of its extended locale. Redfield, New-York, has issued two of the best English volumes relating to it. The first is Smith's "*Year with the Turks*;" it consists of sketches of travel in both the Asiatic and European dominions of the Sultan, illustrated by an ethnographical map, which adds much to its value. The second is Oliphant's "*Russian Shores of the Black Sea, with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks*." It is from the third London edition, which has been adapted to the latest aspect of Eastern affairs by an additional chapter. Both these works should be read by every man who would fully comprehend the bearings of the war. Besides their value in this respect, they both present entertaining incidents of travel and personal adventure.

Arts and Sciences.

Webster's Bust—Talfourd's Statue—Jones the Sculptor—Statue of Sir Francis Drake—Discovery at Thebes—Raffaello's Illustrations of Psyche—Machine for Bending Ship Timber—Gutta-Percha Speaking Tubes—Manufacture of Paper from Wood—Brocattelle Weaving—A new Motive Power.

OUR Boston correspondent says that King, the sculptor, is about to sail for England, with his marble bust of Webster, ordered by Lord Ashburton. There is no representation of the deceased senator that compares with this of Mr. King. It is the mighty man himself, with every marvelous feature exactly portrayed as it stood forth in the living person. Numerous casts have been ordered of this bust, but four only in marble have been made. The first was burned in the disastrous fire that consumed the Tremont Temple, destroying in the studio of the artist the accumulations of years of toil; the second stands a perpetual honor in Faneuil Hall; the third is in the possession of Moses Grinnell, Esq., of your city; and the fourth will grace the halls of a British peer. Mr. King took the cast of his bust at the time Mr. Webster made his noted 7th of March speech; he was with him often at breakfast, enjoying the most favorable opportunities of studying his wonderful features. He took the precaution also to measure carefully his form, so that the

same precision might be secured in a statue, if hereafter required, that he has obtained in the bust. He visits Europe, partially for health and study, and chiefly to secure future orders. It is to be regretted that he is forced to turn to the old world for the employment of a genius that might so richly adorn the wealth of our own country. Mr. King's last work is a beautiful bust of a daughter of Frederick Tudor, Esq., a charming embodiment of innocence and joy.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Talfourd in Westminster Abbey, and a subscription has been set on foot to raise a fund for that purpose.

T. D. Jones, the sculptor, has finished his model for the Welsh inhabitants of New-York, which they intend to contribute in marble to the Washington Monument. Mr. Jones has been nearly two years at his model, and has succeeded in producing a work which will reflect much credit on the donors, as well as raise the reputation of the sculptor. This Welsh block will be seven feet long by five high, larger in dimension and more characteristic than any yet contributed to the honor of Washington. The allegory is descriptive of the Welsh people, and the happiness they attain under that liberty which it was the great chief's mission to plant

in America. The design is bold and comprehensive, and the execution in *alto relievo*. The group of figures and accessories are of half-life size.

A statue of *Sir Francis Drake* has been presented to the town of Offenbourg, by Herr Andreas Friederich, an eminent sculptor of Strasburg. It is executed in fine-grained red sand-stone, nine feet high, and is erected on a handsome pedestal of sand-stone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations of the town. Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April, 1587, having just received knighthood at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He holds in his right hand a map of America, and in his left a bundle of potato stalks, with the roots, leaves, flowers, and berries attached. His arm leans on an anchor, over which a mantle falls in ample folds. On each side of the pedestal are inscriptions, the first being, "Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe, in the year of our Lord, 1586;" the second, "The thanks of the town of Offenbourg to Andreas Friederich of Strasburg, the executor and founder of the statue;" the third, "The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth is thy most imperishable glory;" and the fourth, "The precious gift of God, as the help of the poor against need, prevents bitter want." The citizens of Offenbourg have presented the artist with a silver goblet, on the lid of which stands a model, in the same metal, of the statue of Drake.

Dr. Brugsch, a young *savant* sent out to Egypt by the Prussian government, reports that M. Mammier, a French photographic artist, has made a curious discovery at Thebes. Having been employed by Abbas Pasha to execute an album of Egyptian antiquities, he caused several temples to be cleared of rubbish for the purpose. When that of Amenophis was laid bare it appeared that the capitals of the columns had originally been covered with copper-leaf, hammered over the stone so as to take its shape, and afterward painted. Another interesting discovery was, that the great irregular paving-stones were formerly covered with a wooden flooring, which seems to illustrate, says Dr. Brugsch, the description of the Temple of Solomon. Although no general conclusion can be drawn from these interesting facts, they are valuable additions to our knowledge. It is interesting also to learn that some curious Byzantine frescoes have been found under the colonnades of the Temple at Luxor.

The series of thirty-two drawings by which Raffaele illustrated the story of *Psyche*, as told by Apuleius, has been engraved by M. Adolph Gnauth, and is in course of publication at Stuttgart. As a sample of his ware, the publisher, M. Kohler, has issued a neat little volume, containing the tale, with four of the drawings as the "pictures." The series is not to be confounded with another work by Raffaele, entitled, "*Psyche* after the Frescoes in the Farnesina at Rome."

The most extraordinary invention of the day is a machine for bending ship timber, and at present in operation in Greenpoint, L. I. With the aid of this machine, all the immense labor

hitherto spent in rounding timber to suit ships and furniture, and whatever other things requiring timber so curved, will be dispensed with. The first experiment has just been made on timbers sixteen feet in length, eight inches by ten, bent to as short a curve as can be used in ship-building. This machine is a large one, designed for ship timber, but there is another also ready for furniture, and both have just commenced operations. Henceforward all the delicate curves of steamers, frigates, or yachts, will be of solid timber, fashioned by this extraordinary invention.

One of the most convenient new inventions is the speaking tube of gutta percha. In London an experiment was tried with a tube seven miles in length, and it was entirely successful. A tune was played at the same time, which gave great amusement to the bystanders. This tube is now introduced into many of the first class English dwellings, and as alarm whistles are fixed to the apparatus, no doubt their introduction will become general.

A patent for the manufacture of paper from wood fibre has been taken out in England. It is said to be equal to any writing paper, now selling at thirteen cents a pound. The cost of production is said to be somewhat under \$100 a ton—more than \$60 less than the price of rag paper now in use. What with straw paper, and wood paper, there seems to be an end to the fear of rags not being capable of coping with the growing literary wants of the age.

In the weaving of brocatelles at Humphreysville, Ct., the machinery is so nicely balanced that the breaking of a single thread, scarcely larger than a twisted spider's web, throws the whole machinery out of gear, and all the wheels, shuttles, and pulleys are brought to a dead stand that the thread may be mended.

A New Motive Power.—An ingenious mechanic of Worcester, Mass., has invented a machine for supplying motive power, which, it is believed by practical men, will supersede the steam-engine. The machine is called a "vapor-engine," and the propelling power is produced by the expansion of air in cylinders by the application of steam. The invention comprises two features, one entirely mechanical, the other chemical. The first consists of the peculiar arrangement of the valves, by which the atmospheric resistance of the "exhaust" is not felt, consequently a saving of fifteen pounds to the square inch is effected, which in common practice is equivalent to a saving of thirty-three per cent. The peculiar mechanical structure of the valves and their connections are also prominent features in the invention on the score of wear and tear. The chemical feature is that of rendering atmospheric air more sensitive to the action of caloric than is laid down in the books, viz.: doubling its volume under a temperature of 212 deg., whereas a temperature of 400 deg. has been considered requisite to dilate air to twice its normal volume. It is claimed by the inventor that the combination of these two inventions gives a result as six to one in favor of his invention over the ordinary steam-engine, and an explosion cannot occur from carelessness in the use of the engine.

Literary Record.

The Palestine Archaeological Association—A Universal Alphabet—Destruction of the Vienne Library—Cromwell—President Olin—Death of Professor Wilson—Discovery of an Unpublished Treatise by Leibnitz—George Sand—Periodicals in Athens—Printers' Library—Arago's Works—Encyclopædia Britannica—Sir Henry Sutton's New Work—Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate"—John A. Dix—Bryant's Poems—Walter Scott's Publisher—Fern Leaves—Crystal Palace, London.

We notice that a new society has been recently organized in London under the title of *The Palestine Archaeological Association*, having for its object the exploring of the ancient and modern cities and towns, or other places of historical importance, in Palestine and the adjacent countries, with a view to the discovery of monuments and objects of antiquity, by means of researches on the spot. The prospectus runs as follows:—"Archæological research in the East having now attained such important results, in the discovery and acquisition of splendid monuments, both Egyptian and Assyrian; and a great archæological chain of inquiry having been thus established, from Egyptian Thebes to the site of Nineveh, it has been suggested that Palestine presents itself the middle link in this chain, as being full of rich promise to researches and inquiries of a similar character. If Egypt and Assyria have afforded so many valuable monuments to the truth of history and tradition, it may reasonably be expected that Palestine would yield as rich a harvest. Why should not the sights of the ancient cities and towns of the Hebrews, and of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan, be explored? And why might not the localities of important monuments—especially of the Hebrews—be sought for, under the guidance of Scriptural authority and of tradition;—as, for instance, the Egyptian coffins of the Patriarchs at Hebron and Sichem—the twelve stones set up by Joshua at Gilgal and in the Jordan—the monumental record of the Law in the Stone of Sichem—the Sacred Ark, supposed to have been concealed by the prophet Jeremiah in some recess—with many others, which will suggest themselves to the Biblical reader?"

The late discoveries of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the researches of our own countrymen, Robinson, Smith, Lynch, &c., show what resources there are yet in the Holy Land for such investigations.

The old question of a *Universal Alphabet* is again "up" in England, we hope with better prospects of success than it has yet had since the days of Wilkins. A conference has been held at the residence of the Chevalier Bunsen, London, on the subject; among those present were Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Professor Owen, Dr. Max Müller, Dr. Pertz of Berlin, and other distinguished men of science and literature, with the Revs. Henry Venn, Trestrail, and other representatives of missionary societies. The Chevalier Bunsen stated the object of the conference, which was to consult as to the practicability of adopting a uniform system of expressing foreign alphabets by Roman characters. The advantages of such a

system, both scientific and practical, were urged, the former in connection with the study of ethnology and philology, and the latter chiefly in connection with the great Protestant missionary enterprises of the present time. Professor Lepsius and Dr. Max Müller have devoted much time to the subject, founding their phonology on the physiological principles ably expounded by Dr. Johannes Müller, and published in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. To the soundness of Dr. J. Müller's researches Professor Owen bore testimony, and expressed his agreement with the results. Any differences in the organs of speech in various races of men were too trivial to present any difficulty for practical arrangement of alphabets. Sir John Herschel, in the course of his observations, said that too much exactness must not be attempted in defining the phonetic symbols, for the vowel sounds were practically infinite, from the flexibility of the organs of voice. In English he thought we had at least thirteen vowels. Mr. Norris thought there were more, and Mr. Cull seventeen. Sir John Herschel thought that a certain definite number of typical signs must be selected, leaving each nation or province to attach to them their own shades and variety of sound. A distinct graphic sign for every sound would be impossible. Dr. Max Müller's proposal is to use the Roman alphabet, with the addition of italics, for certain modifications of vowel sounds, and also some consonants. The use of italics has the advantage over points, or other diacritical signs, of being universally understood and in general use. The first practical point to be settled is that referred to by Sir John Herschel—the adoption of the primary alphabet, the letters or sounds of which must be selected for the widest possible range of use.

The public library at Vienne, in France, has been totally destroyed by fire; eight thousand volumes and some very valuable old MSS. were burnt to cinders, and a painting by *Claude Lorraine*, was a good deal damaged.

The Rev. *Peter Brown* of Wishaw, England, has collected a quantity of unpublished materials with reference to Oliver Cromwell's visit to Scotland, which he proposes to publish.

President Olin.—Derby, New-York, is about to issue a volume entitled "Greece and the Golden Horn," from the pen of the late President Olin, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. M'Clintock. The travels of Dr. Olin have had an extensive sale, and are among the very best works of the kind extant; this new volume will be received with avidity by the numerous readers of his other works. We learn that the profits of the volume are to be contributed toward the endowment of the Wesleyan University.

Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," the "Isle of Palms," "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," &c., has been added to the list of the illustrious dead. He died April 3d, aged sixty-six. He graduated at

Oxford in 1807, became a member of Edinburgh Bar in 1814, published his *Isle of Palms* in 1812, and became editor of *Blackwood* in 1817. He was the coryphæus of that popular work, until succeeded in its editorial chair by his son-in-law, Professor Aytoun. In 1850 he was attacked by paralysis, and has since lived in retirement. Like several others among the best writers of England, his works have been more highly appreciated here than in his own country. He was robust in frame, brilliant in intellect, genial in heart, and eloquent in speech as well as with the pen.

A curious discovery has recently been brought before the world, in the shape of an unpublished treatise by Leibnitz in refutation of Spinoza. The discoverer, M. Foucher de Careil, during his researches in the Hanoverian Library, alighted upon a Latin manuscript entirely written in the hand of Leibnitz; and from this Latin version he has published one in French, under the title "Refutation inédite de Spinoza par Leibnitz."

Paris gossips are amused with a letter from Madame Dudevant, George Sand, in which the author of "Consuelo" replies to M. de Mircourt, who has been pleased to write a memoir of her, the materials for which were evidently picked up in the *cafés* and the *salons*. Madame Dudevant declares that the assumed memoir does not contain one *fact*—her name, the date of her birth, and all the antecedents and circumstances of her life being invented for the occasion.

In Athens there are not less than fifteen weekly and semi-weekly papers, besides six or seven monthly and semi-monthly magazines. It is only twenty-five years since it began to be rebuilt; its population is less than thirty thousand. Truly, the Athenians have not lost their ancient character of being eager for news.

Mr. George Bruce, the veteran type-founder, has offered \$1,000 to endow and extend the Printers' Free Library of our city, under the direction of the New-York Typographical Society, if others will add \$9,000 within the current year. Though nominally for the use of the disciples of Faust, it is practically open to all who choose to avail themselves of the contents of its well-filled shelves, or its well-supplied reading-room.

The first volume of the collected edition of *Arago's* complete works is out. It contains his biographies of Watt, Fulton, Young, Carnot, &c. The introduction is by Baron Humboldt, and was written some months ago, at the request of the family. The series is to be complete in twelve volumes, each containing six hundred pages.

The eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now being published, forms a striking index of the progress of literature and science. It was first published in 1771, in three volumes quarto; next, in ten volumes in 1778; in eighteen volumes in 1797, to which was added the supplement by Bishop Glegg, in two volumes, in 1801. In 1810 the work in its fourth edition was extended to twenty volumes. The rapid advance of various departments of knowledge in

subsequent years rendered it difficult to embody the new matter in the work, and a supplement was commenced in 1815, and finished in 1824, in six volumes. The seventh edition, completed in 1842, contained whatever was of permanent value in previous editions and in the supplement, with much new matter, contributed by the most eminent writers in literature and science.

A new work is on the eve of publication in England, with the singular title of "Quinquenergia," by Sir Henry Sutton, author of the "Evangel of Love," a gentleman tainted with the "spiritual-knocking" mania.

The first edition of Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," we understand, is to be fifty thousand copies, and most of these will be taken to fill orders which have been already received. It is destined to enjoy a larger sale, in proportion to its price, than any book heretofore published in America.

General John A. Dix has prepared for travelers in Italy a sort of classical itinerary, in which he gives, in a pleasant narrative style, the principal facts and events recorded in ancient literature, which are of special interest to the modern traveler in the ancient empire of the Cæsars.

The Messrs. Appleton are engaged upon a new edition of *Bryant's Poems*, to be printed under the supervision of the author, and to be illustrated in the finest style of modern art. They also have in preparation a less costly edition in two volumes.

Dr. T. W. Parsons, of Boston, who, a few years since, made a very successful translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, is about publishing a new poem of considerable length, which his critical friends speak well of.

Walter Scott's publisher, Mr. Constable, has been on a visit to Boston for some time. He intends starting from thence this month, to continue his explorations in South America. This gentleman is perhaps as successful, if not as widely known, as an author and a traveler, as he has been in his publishing capacity.

The second series of "Fern Leaves," by *Fanny Fern*, will soon be issued. The first series of "Fern Leaves," although issued only some nine months since, has reached a sale of over sixty thousand copies; "Little Ferns," from the same pen, has reached a sale of thirty thousand copies in three months; and twenty thousand copies of the second series of "Fern Leaves" have already been ordered, in advance of publication. This is certainly a most gratifying success for an author who first nibbled her pen only a little over two years ago, and permits us to predict for her many future triumphs.

Samuel Phillips, of the London Times, will be editor of the various hand-books to the *Crystal Palace*. Each "court" (or department) will have its own book. Mr. Layard, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Scharf, Sir Joseph Paxton, Owen Jones, and others, will write the books, which Dr. Phillips is to revise.

